



VOL. IX.

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NO. 1.

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BREAKING A PATH.

WHEN the snow comes, then comes fine sport. Snow-balling, snow-forts, snow-giants, sleigh-rides, coasting, — what a list of out-door frolics, that brighten the eyes, and redden the cheeks, and send the healthy blood tingling into every part of the body! Don't you feel sorry for the children who live where it never snows? Perhaps they feel sorry for you because you don't have the trees green all winter. The best way is to be thankful for just the home that God has given us.

In the country, it is rare sport to play in the fresh-fallen snow: yes, and work in it too; for there's work as well as play to be attended to after a snow-storm. There are paths to be made, as well as big snow-balls to be rolled; and it's a good plan to call them both play, and then it will seem easier. Then you can be useful and happy too.

I once visited a very sick woman, of whom you

may have heard, whose name is Chloe Lankton. She then lived in an old brown house, on a bleak, lonely hill, about three miles from the village of New Hartford, Conn. Now she lives in the village. She told us that one of her trials was, that, when the deep snows came, she had no one to *break paths* for her. Doesn't that show you, boys, one way in which you can do a kindness when you feel like having a frolic in the snow? And you may think too, both boys and girls, that there are other paths besides snow-paths that you can do good by making. Every time you help dear mother, you are making a path for her tired feet. Every thing you do to make others happy is opening a pleasant path for them through the difficulties of life.

There is another thing I want to tell you. Each one of you has a path to make for yourself through life: not alone; for God is ready to help you if you ask him. You are now just beginning the path. Try to make a good one. Be brave. Trust in God.

Love and serve the Lord Jesus. Pray daily to be forgiven, and to be guided and helped, so that you may grow up to be good men and women. Then the troubles of life will fly aside like the snow from your shovel.

You are beginning now the path of this year. May God spare your lives, and help you to walk rightly, this year! May you be happy at home and at school, on the precious Sabbath, and on every day of the week! From the beginning of the year to the end, may you have a happy New Year!

For the Child at Home.

PAYING TRIBUTE.

BY ROSE WINN.

A short time ago, Uncle Henry told me a little story which you would, perhaps, like to hear.

"In a certain part of Scotland," he said, "the poor people, who lived on the land owned by a wealthy man, used to come yearly to pay their rent. What do you think this was? Why, just a pepper-corn! It had been the custom for a long series of years for each one to bring this pepper-corn on a certain day. It did not cost the poor man any thing, nor did it make the land-holder any richer; but it was a sign of tribute which they paid to him as their master.

"Now," said my uncle, "it is just so with those who swear. Every oath is a pepper-corn, which they give to the devil. It does neither party any good: it just shows who is their master."

For the Child at Home.

RUN FOR THE LILY-PADS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

"How many of you boys ever went fishing?" asked the minister.

Instantly fifty boys' eyes sparkled, and fifty boys' hands were raised.

"How many of you ever fished for pickerel?" continued the minister.

Up came most of the hands again, — little hands, that, as the minister knew, had been nearly every one of them guilty of taking what was not theirs; for they belonged to boys who were in a Reform School, and most of them for stealing, some little, and some much.

"Did you ever have any trouble in getting the pickerel to bite?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir!" cried the boys.

"So have I," he replied. "I have fished for pickerel a great many times; often in a certain pond behind my father's house, which was very clear and smooth, and covered with water-lilies. These lilies were very beautiful, lying with their pure white petals and golden centers on their floating leaves; but I did not like to see them, for this reason: when I trailed my line with a fat little frog or a nice minnow on it, if I saw a pickerel swim round and round, looking at it, and working his mouth and

gills, I knew that pretty soon he would jump up and snap at the tempting bait, and then I had him. If he once began to *look*, I was sure of him; but if, instead, he turned, and swam off under a lily-pad, as many a fish did, I knew I had lost him, and there was no use skimming and dancing my line to that fish any longer.

"Now, boys, I want to tell you: when you see something you wish for which isn't yours, or when you feel like saying a bad word, or going where you know you oughtn't to go, do not stop to look at it or think about it, but just *run for the lily-pads*."



For the Child at Home.

WHICH IS WORTH THE MOST?

"But I tell you it *cost* twice as much!" said Eva.

"Well, it isn't *worth* a quarter as much, if it did!"

"Never mind: we'll see what it will be worth an hour from now!"

Mrs. Peyton stopped, as she was passing through the parlor, where the little girls were disputing over their treasures.

They had just been to the store with a favorite uncle who wanted to spend a quarter of a dollar on each, and who had insisted that they should choose for themselves. After changing her mind half a dozen times from chocolate-candy to pea-nuts, and from pea-nuts to "agates," Grace, with a comfortable feeling that she would have a dime and five cents left in money, chose a fine, large orange; while Eva finally settled on a pretty ball of soft, green-and-white morocco.

Eva looked up, blushing a little as she saw her mother had noticed their conversation; and then said,—

"Isn't a morocco ball, that you can keep ever and ever so long, worth more than an orange, that you have to eat right up?"

"Isn't an orange worth more than a ball?" asked Grace quickly.

"Let me take the ball and the orange," replied Mrs. Peyton pleasantly; and, sitting down by the girls, she said,—

"Either of these is very nice. I think, if I were a little girl, and fond of play, I might prefer the ball; for, as Eva says, it would last much the longer of the two."

"There! there!—I told you so!" said Eva quickly.

"But that doesn't *settle* the *value* of the ball," said Mrs. Peyton. "Suppose you knew that this was the only orange in the world: which would be worth the most then?"

"Oh! the orange," said Grace quickly.

"I don't see why," said Eva: "it wouldn't keep any longer for being the last one in the world, would it?"

Mrs. Peyton smiled.

"Now take the orange, Eva. Look it over carefully. It is smooth and round, and perfectly whole. So is the ball. Is there any *great difference* between the two?"

"Why, one is to eat, of course," said Eva.

"Suppose I should make a custard-dumpling, and

flavor it with orange, and bake it in a mold so it would be round and whole, and good to eat: what would be the *great difference* between the orange and the custard-dumpling?"

Both the girls laughed.

"Oh! I know," said Grace,—"I know what you mean; and it proves that the orange is worth a hundred balls! The orange has something inside that can make more oranges. Seeds, seeds!—that's the '*great difference*.' So," she added, looking triumphantly at Eva, "the orange is not '*gone*' quite so quick, after all. I'll have a pot of earth, and I'll plant all my seeds; and I'll sell part of the trees, and keep two or three myself for the oranges."

"And be sure to get a 'green dress' with your first basketful," said Eva, who was now laughing heartily at Grace's enthusiasm. "I wonder, though," added Eva thoughtfully, "that I never thought before about this '*great difference*.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Peyton. "No man could make an orange or an acorn, or any thing else, with *life* in it. Every apple and lemon and nut, and every little seed not larger than the smallest pin-head, has a little secret in its breast, which no diamond or garnet or crystal of any kind ever knew. Plant an agate, and it will remain an agate a hundred years. Plant an acorn, and in a very little while it will break a little place through the brown earth to whisper its little secret; and, instead of being just the same a hundred years from now, it would be able to toss you from giant arms thousands of acorns as smooth and glossy as itself, and each one with the same secret in its own bosom. Now, which is worth most,—the ball or the orange?"

"The orange, the orange!" said both at once.

"And now you shall have half, Eva," said Grace; "and then we'll play ball together."

Six "little secrets" came from the orange; and I am happy to say that three were whispered to Eva, and three to Grace, from under a glass-covered box in their window.

J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

CLARA'S CHRISTMAS.

"What a dear, good mamma you are, to buy me so many presents. A whole baby-house too! I can give my old toys to the industrial-school children."

These words were spoken by a richly-dressed little girl to her mother, as they emerged from the door of a large toy-shop, the day before Christmas. They were overheard by a little girl who stood gazing into the shop-window, and whose coarse, thin garments were in strong contrast to the rich furs and velvets of the other child.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Clara, speaking to herself: "such lots of good things for the rich children, while I only want an orange for my sick mother! I wonder if God *does* hear. I've been asking him all day to help me sell my mats; and not one have I sold all day."

The tears were in her eyes; and then she remembered a verse that her mother had repeated to her that morning: "When the poor and needy cry unto me, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them."

Then she said, "I will ask him once more." So, softly, in her own heart, she prayed, "Please, God, remember that verse which you put in the Bible, and hear *my* cry, and help my sick mother, who is so thirsty with the fever; and don't be angry with me for asking again."

Just then, the lady turned back; for she had seen the tears in the child's eyes. She said,—

"You are looking at the pretty things: is there any thing here you would like?"

"Oh, no, ma'am!" replied Clara; "but I would like to sell my mats, to buy some oranges for my sick mother."

"You have no money, then?" said the lady.

"No, ma'am," replied Clara; "though we used to have before mother was sick."

"Don't you want any thing for yourself, dear?" asked the lady.

Clara was very hungry, having eaten only a piece of bread that day; but she said,—

"Oh! I can get along, thank you, ma'am, if I can sell my mats; but everybody is buying prettier things to-day. We never *beg*, ma'am," she added: "I *can't* beg."

The lady had determined, from the first, to buy the mats. They were table-mats, which the little girl had crocheted. In paying for them, she put into her hand more than double the price she asked. Then Clara said,—

"O ma'am! I can not take all that."

But the lady said, "Yes, child: take it all."

Then said Clara, "Please, ma'am, will you let me pay for it some time in work?"

The lady liked the child's spirit, and, not wishing to discourage it, said, "Perhaps so, when your mother gets better; but not before. I will go and see her; but now I want you to come with me and get some supper."

Clara said, "O ma'am! I don't know how to thank you;" and the lady replied,—

"You needn't thank me, my child, but God. He has sent me to help you."

The tears came into Clara's eyes, tears of gratitude, as she thought, "He *did* hear me;" and then, in heart, she thanked him.

The lady gave Clara some warm supper, and then sent a servant home with her to carry a large basket of supplies for her mother and herself. When Clara saw a dozen of oranges among them, she said, "How good God is! I asked him for one orange, and he has sent me a dozen!"

Clara also found in the basket some tea, sugar, cold chicken, and nice biscuit.

The next day, her mother was considerably better; and Clara's Christmas was a happy one, after all.

M. P. H.



For the Child at Home.

THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

I want to tell the readers of "The Child at Home" about our little Winnie,—our child-missionary, as we call her.

A little time since, while she was visiting in the city, she heard that there were two criminals in the jail under sentence of death; one of whom, especially, seemed very hardened. She became very earnest to go and see him, and pleaded so importunately, that her mother granted her request, and carried her to the jail. As they entered the cell, he was sullenly sitting in one corner, all manacled.

Winnie went softly up and stood in front of him, saying in a low, sweet voice, "Man, I've come to see you to know if you love Jesus: does you?"

The man said roughly, "Go away."

She continued: "Please, man, let me stay. I want to tell you about Jesus: mayn't I?"

The convict made no reply. So she commenced, and, in her own simple language, told him about the life of Christ, his sufferings, and his death on the cross. She finished by saying, "Man, Jesus did all this for you: don't you love him for it?" The hardened convict burst into tears, murmuring to himself, "Oh, what a sinner!" Then Winnie strove to comfort him, telling him, "if he had been naughty, Jesus would forgive him." The man, in broken words, tried to tell them part of his history. He had formerly been an upright man, and a member of the church; but, by degrees, he became a backslider, and fell into other sins, "until, at last, I am here," he added.

The hour had now come for them to leave; but Winnie begged him, in parting, "to love God, and ask him to forgive him." The next day, Winnie and her mother went to see him again, and a very different face greeted them from that of the preceding morning. He told them, that, ever since they had left him, he had prayed, and wrestled with God, and that now he trusted he could humbly say, "that although he was the chief of sinners, yet God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven his great sins."

Winnie went home that day with a joyous heart. May she, as she grows older, never lose an opportunity of speaking for Jesus! and, at the last day, may there be many stars in her crown of rejoicing! And will not all the children try and truly love Jesus, and do all in their power that others may love and serve him also? Morna May.

For the Child at Home.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

"For I say unto you, that in heaven *their angels* do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." — MATT. xviii. 10.

Where is my angel, mother? Do tell me now, I pray:

You say it hovers o'er me by night as well as day:

I've watched and waited long to see the shining thing;
But I can not even hear the rustling of its wing.
Are you very sure, dear mother, God sends it from on high?
Perhaps it does not like to leave the beautiful blue sky.
If it only knew how long I have waited in this place
To hear the music of its voice, and see its shining face,
I'm sure it would not linger in the heavenly home so bright,
When all I dare to ask of it is but a single sight.

THE MOTHER'S REPLY.

My child, when you are happiest, and your heart with joy runs o'er,

And you love your God so very much that you can love no more,

You can not take the feeling, of your very life a part,
And show it to your playmates, though you know 'tis in your heart:

They will see in *word* and *act* the love you may not hide,
And know you are His little lamb if in His fold you bide.
Just so, the holy angels, spirits of love and light,
Exert their power upon you, and keep you in their sight:
They guard you from the evil that round your pathway clings,
And fold about you lovingly their bright, protecting wings.
We can not *see* the spirit-forms with blinded human sight;
But we can *feel* their influence as we do God's love and light.

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

ARTHUR.

BY ELIZABETH GREENLEAF.

Arthur Pierce is one of my little neighbors, who is three years old. He has black eyes, rosy cheeks; and is so pleasant as to win him many friends. He is very generous too, and always likes to share with others whatever is given him.

One morning in winter, the snow was falling fast; and his brother Willie had gone to school, drawing sister Mary on his new sled. Arthur had looked

wistfully after them until they were out of sight, wishing he was old enough to go too. But the brave little fellow did not cry, but came back to his toys in the dining-room, and played with them until weary: then he followed his mamma about her work till he grew sleepy, when she took him on her lap to rock him to sleep with the "Chickadee Song" that so many children love to hear. When she came to the verse commencing,

"O mother! do give him some stockings and shoes,"

Arthur was wide awake in a moment, and began to untie his shoe-strings, pointing eagerly to the snow-birds that flitted past the window.

After that, his little heart was so full of pity for the bare feet of the birds, that he couldn't sleep at all, but begged his mamma all day to carry out his shoes to them.

Dear, generous Arthur! God has provided the "fowls of the air" with warm clothing for their bodies in giving them nice downy feathers; and has made the skin that covers their little feet tough and strong, that they may endure the cold winter without discomfort: but he has placed many needy children in the world, whom we ought to assist both in food and clothing, remembering Christ's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."



For the Child at Home.

FLYING-FISH.

"Now, Uncle Will, you must tell us all about every thing you've seen," said James. "You've been across the ocean, and all around in Europe; and the evenings are long, and we want to hear the whole story."

"But, my little fellow, it would take me a good many long evenings to tell you about *every thing* I have seen; and, besides, I am very busy this evening, and can give you only a few moments. However, you may ask me a single question, and I will answer it."

"Well, what was the most curious thing you saw in crossing the ocean?"

"I don't know but it was the flying fish. I used to think that the stories I heard about them were all made up; but I have seen more of them than I could count. For one whole week, we saw them near the ship every hour of the day, — sometimes a few together, and sometimes in flocks like birds."

"Do they have wings and feathers?"

"Oh, no! they use their fins, which are very large, somewhat like wings. They can not fly so far nor so high as birds; yet I have seen them as much as twenty feet above the surface of the water. More than once, we had a nice meal of them; for, though we could not catch any with a hook and line, they would sometimes, by mistake, light on the ship. They were almost too beautiful to eat; and the poor little things didn't come to us of their own

accord. Probably the main reason for their flying is that they are pursued by their great enemy, the dolphin, who seems to consider them his choicest food. God has provided these little feeble fish with the means of flight, so that they may save their lives. Who can help admiring the wonderful variety and beauty of God's works in creation? He did not consider the vast watery world, with its innumerable inhabitants, perfect, until he made the beautiful flying-fish."

For the Child at Home.

BIBLE DOCTRINES.

A CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN.

(Continued from Vol. VIII. p. 44.)

Question. By whom are we led to Jesus Christ to be saved?

Answer. By the Holy Spirit.

"The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us" (Rom. v. 5).

Q. Who is the Holy Spirit?

A. He is truly God, even as the Father and the Son.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. xxviii. 19).

Q. By what precious name is the Holy Spirit called?

A. He is called the Comforter.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, — he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (John xiv. 26).

Q. What work has the Holy Spirit performed for men in the Bible?

A. He has inspired men to write the Word of God.

"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (1 Pet. i. 21).

Q. What is the work of the Holy Spirit in our hearts?

A. By him we are born again, so that we are new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His

mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost" (Tit. iii. 5).

Q. What is it to be born again?

A. It is to have a new heart, so that we love God, and desire to do those things that please him.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John iii. 6).

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. v. 22, 23).

Q. Can any be saved without being born again?

A. They can not.

"Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3).

Q. How should we receive the Holy Spirit?

A. We should beware of grieving him, and follow his guidance that we may be made holy.

"And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption" (Eph. iv. 30).

Q. How are we encouraged to pray for the Holy Spirit?

A. Jesus said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" (Luke xi. 13.)

Q. Have you been born again?

Q. Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for you?

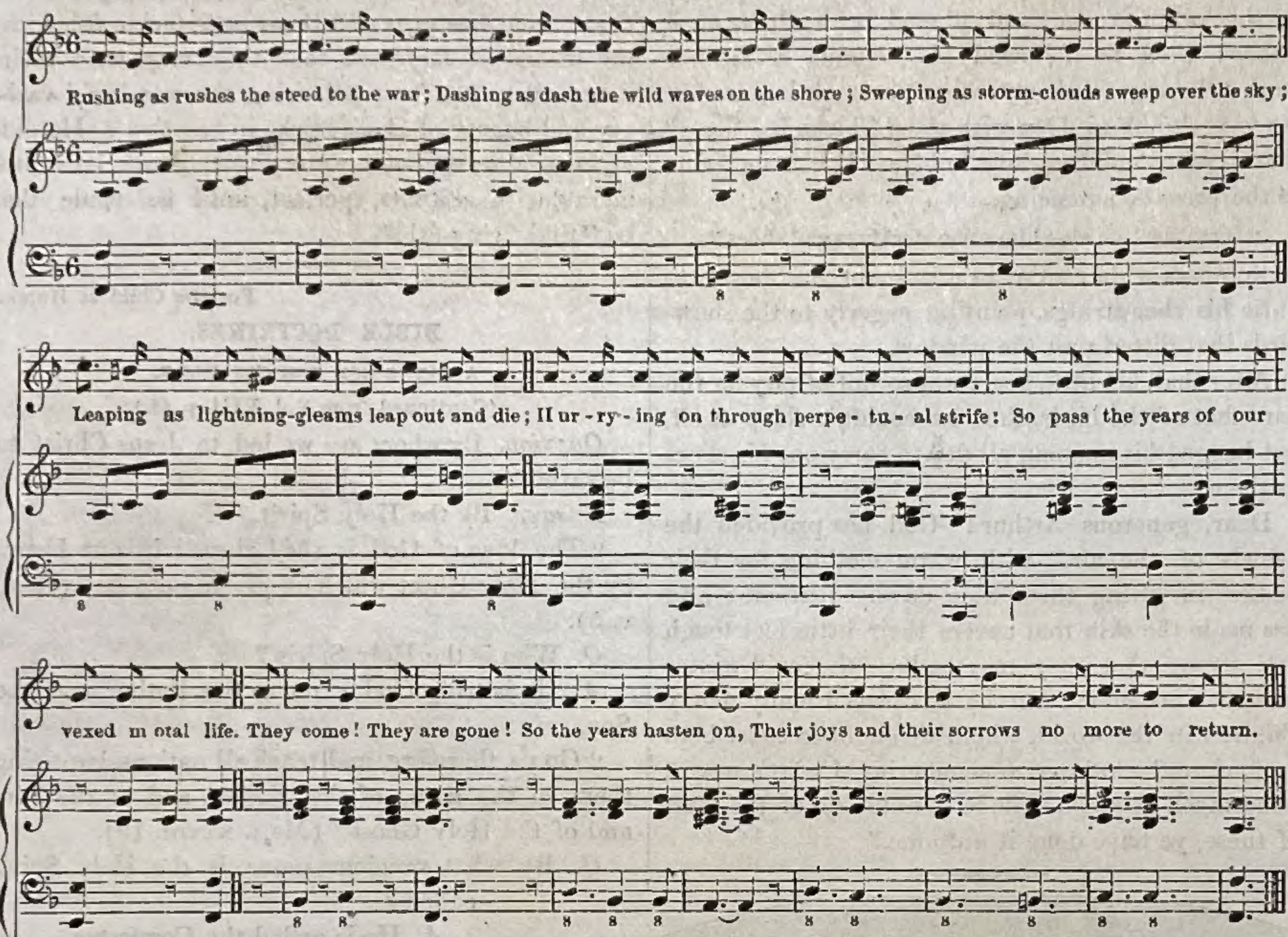
(To be continued.)

For the Child at Home.

NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Music by REV. J. CHANDLER.



2
Silent they pass, with a swift, noiseless tread,
Over the living, and over the dead;
Painful and pleasant, with hopes and with fears;
Waking to laughter, and moving to tears;
Gilding the cradle with halo of light;
Shrouding the dead from our agonized sight:
They go, joy and woe,
In a ceaseless outflow;
The whither, the wherefore, oh! when shall we know?

3
Smiles for the years that bear up as they move;
Record of goodness, of faith, and of love;
Mercy outreaching, and knowledge increased;
Light o'er the darkened earth's myriads cast;

Healing for all human sorrow and sin;
Evil without, and for evil within.
The years disappear
With a blessing and cheer,
If such a bright witness to heaven they bear.

4
Sighs for the years that record, as they move,
History of shame and transgression above;
Justice denied to the weak and the poor;
Knowledge withheld by the mandate of power;
Plenty exultant where hungry ones pine;
Conscience made dumb by the revel and wine.
Drop tears for the year,
If such message it bear,
Of sin and of selfishness, up to God's ear.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by the American Tract Society, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.



For the Child at Home.

ALMOST A MURDERER.

Here is a colt whose name is Jet. The boy on his back is Willie. He was a schoolboy, and had command of a company of his school-fellows, who were called "Willie Boys." Another boy in the picture is George, and his company was called the "George Boys." There was a good deal of rivalry between the two boys and their followers, and

George was not always generous nor fair. The author of "Uncle Downes's Home" shall tell you the rest about the picture:—

"Willie had been over beyond the stone bridge to the meadows after Jet, and, riding leisurely along, entered the street just as the 'George Boys' stopped for a moment's rest. 'Look!' said George to his men on the grass: 'now see what fun I'll have!' Jet had hitherto been mostly under Capt. George's care, and both boys had taken great pleasure in teaching him a few commonplace tricks.

"George gave a peculiar whistle, and a snap to a whip which belonged to one of his men; and Jet suddenly rose upon his hind-legs, with Willie clinging to his back. The boys shouted with merriment. George whistled again, and again Jet rose up; and Willie had to throw his arms around the pony's neck in order to keep his seat.

"'Hold on tight, Willie!' cried a company of school-girls from the nearest gateway.

"'He's scared almost to death!' said Harriet Hall. 'Look at him! He'll drop off the horse's back next, the little coward!'

"George grew tired of this. Jet must do something else. Without heeding Willie's appealing look, he ordered his drummer to strike up a march. The scarlet uniforms sprang from the grass, and formed in rank; and the captain shouted, 'March!' Jet whirled wildly round and round with fear, shook himself fiercely; a great cloud of dust went sailing up in the summer air, turning to golden haze as it floated through the sunshine; and Jet went scampering down the street riderless.

"That night, a terrible storm swept over the village; but day dawned fresh and beautiful. When the watchers who had staid to render assistance went to their homes, they bore the intelligence that Willie Marsh was living; but the accident had cost him a broken limb, and many painful wounds and bruises. This intelligence carried relief to many hearts; but to all the number it brought no greater relief than to George Heath. In the long night-watches he had thought over the whole occurrence, feeling that, if Willie died, he would be nothing else but a murderer."

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER AND TRACT JOURNAL.

This paper is welcomed, and is doing good, in thousands of families that take no other religious paper. A portion of it is devoted to the children, and special pains will be taken in this department the present year. Would not the readers of "The Child at Home" like to have their parents and other friends take "The Banner"?

THE SABBATH AT HOME.

This new and beautiful illustrated religious magazine, published by the American Tract Society, is a family treasure. It contains useful and pleasant reading for both parents and children. Every month, it has Bible recreations and Bible pictures. The following

PREMIUMS FOR 1868

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THE TWO GOATS.

TOMMY and BILLY were two young goats,
With nice dark eyes, and with good brown coats;
And they both set off on one fine spring-day
To enjoy the smell of the new-mown hay;
To admire the flowers all wet with dew;
And to call, perhaps, on a friend or two.

But, although on the selfsame errand bent,
Alone from their different homes they went:
For Tommy resided with Farmer Best,
And his well-sown acres were in the west;
While Billy was dwelling with Mistress Wise,
And her cottage was where the sunbeams rise.
So they came from opposite quarters; yet,
As they took their ramble, it chanced they met.

Yes, they met; and I'll tell you exactly where:
They had left the lanes where the morning air
Is full of the scent of flowers had passed
The meadows where lambs shared a rich repast;
And now, where the mill-stream rushed along,
They met on the bridge.

The bridge was strong,
But narrow; so narrow, that only one
At a time could over it walk or run:
So the goats, now standing face to face,
Must, one or the other, his steps retrace,
And politely await his turn.

But then,
Goats can be awkward as well as men;
And Tommy and Billy alike declined
To yield their rights, and each spoke his mind.
"Go out of my way! make room for me!"
Cried Tommy.

At which Bill laughed; said he,
"I entered the bridge the first; and so
It is you, proud sir, who must backward go."

Tom curled his lip with a scornful air:
"Give place to a fellow like you! How dare
You insult a goat of my rank and breed?"

"A fig for your rank! I take the lead;
For I am the elder, and age can claim
Far more respect than an empty name."

Thus wrangled the foolish goats, till they —
Each being determined to gain his way,
And not give in to his foe — began
To wrestle in deeds, not words: they ran
Their horns against each other, and tried
To clear their path.

Had the bridge been wide,
One might have conquered, and won the day:
But now the force of their wild affray
Upset the balance of each, and flung
Both off the bridge, to which both had clung;

And into the rapid stream they rolled,
Where the water was deep and dark and cold.

In this sudden plunge they forgot their strife;
And all they were eager for now was life.
They struggled, and struggled: and just at length,
When they feared they must sink through loss of
strength,
They managed to reach the shore; but, oh,
What a plight they were in!

Now, I do not know
Whether they learned from this woeful mess
To curb their pride, and indulge it less;
Whether in future they strove to be
Courteous and civil to all.

But we
May take the hint for ourselves, and seek,
In our daily walk, to be kind and meek;
Gracefully yielding, when fit we should,
Our own desires to another's good:
For obstinate, self-willed folks, I think,
Are as bad as the goats on the mill-stream's brink.
"Sunshine."

For the Child at Home. BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

No. I.

"Mother," said Edith Barstow, as she
looked up, with her bright, earnest face,
from her New Testament, one Sabbath
afternoon (and still holding her finger on
the verse that had specially arrested her
attention), — "mother, what a beautiful
compliment Christ paid to John the Bap-
tist! It must mean a great deal when
Jesus says any thing like that."

"To what do you refer, Edith?" said
Mrs. Barstow, looking up from the book in
which she was engaged with a pleased look
of interest.

"In speaking of John," replied Edith,
"he says, in the fifth chapter and thirty-fifth verse
of the Gospel of John, 'He was a burning and a
shining light.'"

"Yes: it was a beautiful testimony to the charac-
ter of one whose chief work was to go before, and
introduce the Saviour himself; and whose humility
was so sweetly manifested, when, in speaking of
Christ, he said, 'Whose shoe's latchet I am not wor-
thy to unloose.' Throughout the Bible, these noble
men stand out, here and there, from Abel to Paul,
like 'beautiful lights,' all pointing to the *one true
Light*, which lighteth every man that cometh into the
world. And when the last record was made by in-
spired penmen, and this Book, bright with so many
lights, was closed, God did not leave us to darkness;
but, through all the centuries, he has given us bright
lights, more or less beautiful, in which men have
done well to 'rejoice.' The inspired history of the
Bible closes during the first century. Those who
had become Christians were soon exposed to severe
temptations. Persecution and death were very com-
mon. Some were burned at the stake; some thrown
to wild beasts; and others, like the first martyr,
Stephen, were stoned to death. But Christ had

kindled in their souls the pure light of love to him; and this no fire can burn, no water quench; and, if the frail casket or lamp in which the light burns is broken and crushed to atoms, God will take care of the light, which will *shine on*, 'like stars in the firmament,' for ever. I will tell you about one of these early, beautiful lights."

"I should like to have you; though I hope it was not a martyr. I do not feel as brother Richard does about the 'Book of Martyrs': it seems to have a great charm for him, while I can hardly look at the pictures in it without a shudder."

"I will tell you of *one* martyr; and then we will talk of other lights, which were allowed to shine in God's time undisturbed."

"POLYCARP lived to be nearly a hundred years old. He was a noble Christian. It is supposed that he learned to love Christ under the teaching of John the apostle. He lived a great many years after the death of John; and preached so faithfully, that many were converted under his labors. But, when he had grown old in the service of Christ, he was called upon to acknowledge the Emperor of Rome, Marcus Aurelius, a wicked and cruel man, as his Lord; which he, of course, refused."

"When he heard the shouts of wicked men demanding his death, he at first thought he would remain quietly where he was, and not attempt to escape. He was Bishop of Smyrna, and intended to remain there quietly, but was persuaded to go to a small place near the city. When search was made for him there, he went to another small village; but some one in whom he had trusted revealed his place of refuge. He was in the upper story of a flat-roofed dwelling, and could still have escaped by going from roof to roof to another retreat; but he said only, 'The will of the Lord be done,' and, requesting a quiet hour for prayer, came down and gave himself up to the officers, returning with them to the city. He was cruelly treated by the way, and, on reaching Smyrna, was promised a release if he would deny and 'curse' Christ. His noble reply was, 'Eighty and six years have I served him, and he has done me nothing but good; and how could I curse him, my Lord and Saviour?'"

"When it was decided that he should be burned, and they were about to fasten him with nails to the stake, he told them there was no need of this; saying, 'Leave me thus. He who has strengthened me to encounter the flames will also enable me to *stand firm* at the stake.' Then he offered this wonderful prayer: 'O Lord, Almighty God, Father of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have received knowledge of thyself, God of the angels and of the whole creation of the human race, and of the saints that live in thy presence! I praise thee that thou hast judged me worthy, this day and this hour, to take part among the number of thy witnesses in the cup of thy Christ.'"

"After his death, the persecution was stayed; and it was said of the proconsul who had sanctioned his death, that 'he was willing to be ignorant that another Christian existed.'"

"Both these 'shining lights' were martyrs," said Edith thoughtfully, — "John and Polycarp."

"Yes: some other time I will tell you of another light, who was not a martyr." J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

NETTIE'S LITTLE MAID.

Nettie Randall lives in a beautiful Southern city, where, all summer long, roses bloom, and magnolias open their great waxen cups to the sun, and the scarlet pomegranate-blossoms flash through the glossy green leaves. She has only lived there for a short time. Before the war, her house was in the Far North-west, where the winters are long and cold, and the summers, brief as beautiful, come and are gone like lovely dreams. Her father, Capt. Randall, had marched and fought and suffered in

the South during the war; and, when the struggle was over, he had gone there to do his part in the great work of reconstruction by showing to his neighbors the example at once of Northern enterprise, and of that true Christian charity which can live in love beside those who have formerly been bitter foes.

Every thing in Nettie's Southern home was new to her, and consequently delightful. It was very pleasant to sit on the river-bank with her brothers, patiently fishing for gudgeons with a crooked pin; and charming to wade out into the deep black mud with bare feet, and dress fastened up safely, to hunt for soft crabs. It was more than enjoyment, when one morning, as they sat at breakfast, a bevy of birds alighted on the doorstep, and sent forth a musical call for "Bob White, Bob White;" and ecstasy reached its height, when at night, seated on her mother's lap, she said her evening-hymn, and listened to the silver songs of the mocking-birds floating through the dim aisles of the woods that skirted the town.



One morning, Nettie was sitting on the broad stone doorstep, getting her geography-lesson. Suddenly looking up, she saw a child of her own age watching her. Nettie was ten years old: her eyes were blue, her hair light and soft, her arms round and dimpled: she looked like a child who had been fed on kisses, and petted all her life. The other child was perhaps ten years old also: her eyes were large, black, and frightened-looking; her hair was a tangled mass of wool; her skin was black and shining; her dress hung round her in tatters; and her whole appearance spoke of starvation and ill-treatment. She was about to run, when Nettie discovered her, but remained at the call of the child.

"What's your name, little girl? and where do you live?"

"Name Malvina; live in the ole field," was the answer.

The "old field" was a place, which, in the city where Nettie lived, corresponded with the Five Points in New York.

"Do you live with your father and mother?"

"Never had no father, and mother's gone away. I lives with Aunt Polly; but she done sent me out to get a home for myself. I'm so little, though, nobody wants me; and I'm hungry."

In a moment, Nettie had put forth her little white hand, and, taking the black one of the little stranger, led her into her mother's presence. Her story was soon told, and her hunger appeased by such a

breakfast as she had not seen for many a day. Then Mrs. Randall found out precisely where she lived, and promised to come and see her auntie about her. When she had gone, Nettie said, —

"Mamma, what will you find for her to do?"

"She is to be your little maid, Nettie. I shall discover a great many little things that she can do for you; but my first object is to find what you can do for her. Did you observe how old her dress was?"

"Yes, inother: will you buy her a new one?"

"I prefer that you should dress her, Nettie. Have you not something that you can spare for her?"

"My brown calico, mother: it is nearly new. And she ought to have some aprons: if you will cut them out, I will make them for her."

"Very well, darling: you shall do so. You have no brothers or sisters to employ your time, and give happiness to: so I want you to see how much you can spare to this poor little girl, who has never had much care or love. Now put on your hat, and we will go to see her."

They found the house in the old field without much trouble. The "field" was really a street, narrow, and crowded with hovels, unpainted, and ready to tumble to pieces. In one of the worst of them lived Aunt Polly, a very old woman, with rheumatism in her feet and ankles, and something like palsy in her shaking hands. She was very willing to yield "Vine," as she called her, to her new friends; and accepted, with many thanks, the money which Mrs. Randall gave her, saying, —

"De Lord will bless you, honey, — bless you certainly. Now you, Vine, go 'long with de lady, and do your best to please her. She mighty bad girl, missis, though I try all I know for her; but, you see, my rheumatism so bad, I can't whip her half enough."

Nettie looked with horror in the face of the old auntie as she uttered those words; but, as she saw in it only good nature, she ventured to hope that she was not so "cross" as her speech implied. She whispered to Vine, —

"Does she ever whip you?" And the latter said, —

"Aunt Polly's mighty good; but Uncle Bob — he gets drunk, and he beats me awful if I don't keep out of his way."

Nettie took Vine home with her to a new life. Perhaps at some other time I will tell you how she taught her to read.

M. E. M.

For the Child at Home.

THE BEST FRIEND.

Alone, alone, in bitter need;
Friendless and poor. Oh! sad indeed
The look, the tone, the weary sigh,
The pallid cheek, and tearful eye,
Of lonely, careworn Lizzie Gray,
Meekly stitching her life away.

Fatherless, motherless, alone;
No friend nor home to call her own;
No tender, sympathizing breast
On which her aching head to rest:
But there she sits, each livelong day,
Sadly stitching her life away.

There was a time when Fortune smiled
Upon her, then a happy child;
A father fond, and mother dear,
Made earth a paradise appear:
And now, alas! poor Lizzie Gray, —
Daily stitching her life away.

Is there no eye to mark those tears?
Has she no friend to soothe her fears?
Ah, yes! there's One, the best of all,
Who heeds the smallest sparrow's fall;
And when too weary here to roam,
Oh! He will take the lone one home.

Sweet thought! Though earthly friends shall fail,
Though eyes grow dim, and cheeks grow pale,
When earthly hopes are clothed in dust,
One faithful Friend we still can trust.
Faint heart, look up! tried soul, awake!
Jesus is true: he'll ne'er forsake.

Dewdrop.



For the Child at Home.

HATTIE AND THE SNOW-BIRDS.

Little Hattie lives in the city; but she can remember when her home was in the country, and when she loved most of all the pleasant things found there, — the dear little birds that used to wake her with their sweet songs in the early spring mornings. The birds do not like the noisy city, and Hattie missed them sadly. One day, her kind papa brought home to her a beautiful canary.

At first, he eyed his new mistress rather suspiciously; but soon they became the best of friends, and the little girl thought she loved him *almost* as well as the robins and blue-birds that built their nests in the apple-trees around the old farm-house.

But it proved that "Charlie" was not the only bird-friend Hattie was to have in her city home; for one day last winter, after that great snow-storm which you all remember, the poor little snow-birds, made bold by their hunger, came flocking around the doors of the house, picking up every stray crumb they could find. Great was Hattie's joy when she spied a little brown birdie making a nice breakfast from a few canary-seeds which lay scattered beneath the window. Hoping to get a nearer view of the little fellow, she very cautiously laid some seeds on the broad window-sill; when, sure enough, up he hopped, and finished his meal, seeming to feel quite at home at his strange table.

Early next morning, birdie's breakfast was ready for him: but this time he did not come alone; and for many days afterward Hattie had the pleasure of watching a whole flock of the pretty creatures hopping about on the window-sill.

This dear little girl has just commenced to go to Sabbath school, although only five years old; for her mamma feels that she is not too young to learn "that sweet story of old," — how Jesus, when he was here among men, took the little children "like lambs to his fold." Hattie enjoys it so much, that she "wishes it would be Sunday every day."

I do not wonder at this; for a pleasanter place than the Sabbath school I do not know: and the pleasant-looking teacher, with her flock of little ones around her, reminds me of Hattie feeding her snow-birds; for she is teaching them the words of that dear Jesus who calls himself "the Bread of Life."

M. W. H.

For the Child at Home.

SUNSHINE.

"Days begin to lengthen again, thank God! Dark, short, misty days are not at all nice. The sky keeps all its beautiful blue, red, golden garments in the drawer, and never dresses. Sometimes it seems to reflect, 'Shall I put on my light-blue gown with the nice little white clouds to-day?' But, after some moments of deliberation, it thinks, 'No: why should I? The old gray cloak is good enough for these short winter-days. It is not worth the while to dress.'"

She who writes this lives on the ground-floor of a great house in a great city. High buildings opposite confine her view; and, in winter-time, the sun, whenever he pays a visit to the earth, never looks in upon her. Sometimes it makes her quite desolate, she likes sunshine so very, very much; but what can she

do? She must wait patiently till her turn comes and come it does at last. When February draws to an end, the sun sends down his first beam into her rooms. How she watches for this first sunbeam! It is *such* a pleasure to her to see it come! A beautiful transparent clearness precedes it, heralding its near entry into the sunless home. Now, there it is! — a pale, sweet smile at first, but growing stronger and more persevering every day; making good its absence of some months by its continued visits throughout the whole summer.

And what a charm is poured out upon every thing by this beaming sun! Tulips and crocuses in the windows slowly unfold, as if awaking from a dream; hyacinths exhale a sweeter perfume; and the little bird in his cage looks about with wonderment, and sings his most beautiful songs. Every colored object upon which the sun shines appears in unwonted brilliancy; but every bit of dirt and disorder is more obvious to the eye than it was before.

This sunbeam has a language too. Hear what it says: "He who sends me remembers thee still. Have good courage. Dark winter-days may come over thee, and cover His benevolence for some time, but only to make thee desirous for its return, — only to make thee appreciate the ray of His grace. Peace be with thee!" Yes, this warm, beaming sun, which makes every thing on earth thrive and prosper, is a true image of God's grace and love toward men. Cold, dark, and joyless is life, so long as the sun of his benevolence does not shine upon it; but joys of which the world knows nothing spring forth, like lovely flowers under the influence of the sun, as soon as we feel God approves what we do. His love and mercy is with us always.

Now, these short, dark winter-days are not so very bad, after all: they are but the forerunners of spring. In our hearts there can be sunshine and joy at every time. Be it so! God grant it!

BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

C. S.

For the Child at Home.

TRUTHFUL JENNIE.

Jennie is a sweet little girl, six years old, who lives in a pleasant home on one of the beautiful prairies of the West. There are no families living very near Jennie's home; so the little girl has few playmates to visit her: but she is not lonely; for God has given her a precious little sister. The sisters are very fond of each other, and are very happy with their dolls and pretty playthings.

They can not go to Sabbath school, because they live too far away: but you must not think that they have never heard of Jesus; for they have a dear father and mother, who love the Saviour, and have many times told them the story of the cross. Jennie loves to sit on her papa's knee, and hear him tell Bible-stories.

I spent several weeks in their pleasant home last summer; and I want to tell you what I saw in Jennie which pleased me very much: it was the love of truth.

Jennie had seen her father sharpen his ax on the grindstone. She was out one day, perhaps with her little sister Hattie; and, after playing about some time, she saw the grindstone, and thought she would do as she had seen her papa do. She had no ax to grind: but she found a brick; and, while she held it firmly to the stone, Hattie turned. Soon afterward, when papa wanted to use the grindstone, he found it covered with brick-dust. Going into the house, he asked who had done the mischief. Little Jennie burst into tears, and said, "I did it, papa." Do not you think her papa was very glad to know that his little girl would speak the truth?

Another day, Jennie was in the garden, and saw, on a little tree not much higher than her head, two rosy-cheeked apples. I do not think the little girl had ever seen apples growing before; for, in that part of the country, they have very few apples. She

stood looking at them some time, and wanted them very much, but knew she ought not to pick them from the tree. The more she looked at them, the more she wanted them. At last she put out her hand, and, drawing the twig toward her, bit a small piece from each apple.

It was not long before her father was in the garden; and, going to the tree to see if the fruit was ripening, he saw in each apple the print of little teeth. Calling the children to him, he asked who had done it.

Jennie's eyes filled with tears; and, throwing herself into her father's arms, she sobbed out, "I did it, papa!"

The little girl knew she had done wrong; but she would not conceal her fault.

When little children do what is wrong, if they confess their faults, their friends will forgive and love them; and God will love them too. N. H. H.

For the Child at Home.

"HE SAYS SO."

From the piazza, on a summer afternoon, came the sound of a childish voice. He was talking to his nurse; yet he had not the happy tone of playing.

Louis must have had tears in his blue eyes, and sobbing at his heart, or he would never have spoken in that plaintive way.

"Why are you fretting, child?" said the nurse.

"Because my father is going away this evening in the steam-cars."

"Never mind, Louis: perhaps he won't go."

"Hannah," the little boy replied in a solemn tone, "I *know* my father will go, because he says so."

The echo of his words floated into the parlor where a lady sat busy with some light work, her thoughts afloat in the dreamy midsummer-day.

"He will do it, because he says so," came like a flash of light amidst her trivial thoughts. It was something to rest on, a promise for her faith. Like little Louis, she could feel, "My heavenly Father will keep his word, because *he says so*."

He will surely keep that which is committed to his trust, through life and through the mystery of death. He will save us, because he says so in his most holy Word. He will present us faultless before his throne with exceeding joy, because he says so. He will bring us where he is, that we may behold his glory.

Like Louis, we can rely on our Father's word, simply "because *he says so*."

Agatha.



For the Child at Home.

HELPING AT THE WHEEL.

When I go along the street, I am always interested in the way people treat their horses. A fine horse seems to me to be almost half human. How noble he is! and how generous! But he is not always very patient. He will not bear every thing without making a show of temper; and then comes trouble. Cruel drivers want to have their own way; and so does a spirited horse.

The other day, I met a heavily-loaded team. A single horse was drawing the wagon up a hill. I saw it was too much for him. He tugged and



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SAVED BY HIS CHILD.

"Oh! there's no hope for him. He's a poor, wretched drunkard. See how stupid he is!"

But stop, my little friend. He was once a mother's darling, as you now are; and then he grew up to be a noble youth; and, when he was a man, he married a lovely and pious wife; and he seemed happy, and full of hope, till strong drink ruined him. Perhaps he will be saved yet.

Yes, he was saved. Do you wish to know how? Then I will tell you the story of James Sterling. One night, after he had spent the whole day at the public-house, he turned his idle steps homeward. Full of shame, he silently opened the door, and looked in upon his wife and children at their evening prayers. They did not hear him; and he listened while the tender voice of one he really loved read these words from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew:—

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory,

and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left."

His little boy was listening attentively; and at these words he looked up into his mother's face with the most anxious love, and said, "Will father be a goat then, mother?"

This was more than that poor father could bear. "What! my dear boy asking if his father will be condemned on that great judgment-day!" Oh, how he condemned himself for his intemperance and ungodliness! This was the turning-point in his life. He signed the pledge. He became an eloquent advocate of temperance. For thirty years he labored successfully to save drunkards, such as he had been, from ruin in this life, and from hell hereafter. His home was in Scotland; and, through

all the region where he was known, he was called, affectionately, "Father Sterling."

He always said, that, under God, he was saved by that sad and earnest question of his little son.

For the Child at Home. BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS. No. II.

"I said I would not tell you of a martyr," said Mrs. Barstow in her next talk with Edith; "but you may like to hear something about a martyr's son, and one, too, who came very near being a martyr himself. You have, no doubt, often heard of ORIGEN."

"I thought," said Edith, "his name was in 'The Book of Martyrs.'"

"It is, but not as one who suffered death. His father was an earnest Christian, and Origen early listened to and loved the truths he taught. Their home was in Alexandria. Origen was born in 185. When he was seventeen years old, his father, Leonides, was put to death under the Emperor Septimius Severus. Origen would then gladly have shared his father's fate, and would no doubt have done so but for the intervention of his mother. He wrote to his father to stand firm for Christ.

"His widowed mother and five brothers became dependent on him at their father's death; and he showed his nobleness of soul perhaps more clearly by the care he took of them, and by the suffering and toil and self-denial he bore for Christ, than if he had at once yielded up his life. Certainly he was permitted to do more good."

"In what did he deny himself?" asked Edith.

"A noble lady, pitying him in his poverty, offered him a home, and means of support; but he declined this, because an adopted son of the lady was not a Christian, but an idolater. He denied himself every luxury and many of the necessities of life; sleeping upon the ground, going without shoes, living on plain fare, and selling all his library except his strictly religious books. These gave him an income of four oboli a day."

"How much was that?"

"About twelve cents. He taught school, and became a very successful instructor; so that, in one year after his father's death, he was chosen to be the head of a celebrated catechetical school, while most of his scholars were older than himself. He taught the word of God boldly, and some of his pupils he followed to the stake; while he himself was stoned and imprisoned, suffering severe tortures, and, last of all, exiled from his home."

"Where did he go?"

"He went to Palestine. For a time, he preached in Caesarea; and finally went to Tyre, where he died, when nearly seventy years old, in the year 253. His life was marked by humility and deep piety; and, although he had some wrong ideas and false notions, the good which he did can not be estimated. He wrote a great many books and letters, and commen-

taries upon nearly all the Scriptures. He gave us the first Polyglot Bible, called 'Origen's Hexapla.'"

"Do you mean a 'Reference Bible'?"

"No: polyglot means many-tongued. He translated the Scripture into several different languages, or gave the text in them.

One of his converts, a wealthy man, gave him, before he left Alexandria, a singular gift in token of his gratitude."

"What was that?" asked Edith.

"Fourteen helpers,—seven persons to write what he dictated, and seven to copy for him. The most noted of his works is an argument, in eight books, for Christianity,—'Against Celsus.'"

"Why were they called so?"

"Celsus was an infidel writer, and Origen wrote to oppose and answer his errors. Celsus ascribed miracles to magic, denied that prophecies were fulfilled, said Christians taught nothing new, denied the divinity of Christ, and taught other errors; all of which Origen answered one by one, showing their weakness as compared with the strength of the Christian religion. He did not, like the Emperor Constantine, take great glory to himself while upholding Christ and defending his religion, setting up for himself, as did that emperor, a high pillar, 'emblematic of the sun, of Christ, and himself;' but his name was held by others in grateful memory, and his tomb was kept with care for hundreds of years. It was in Tyre (where he died), and remained there until the destruction of that city.

"When we look at the great darkness of the time in which he lived, we must always think of Origen as not only a beautiful but a wonderful light."

J. P. B.



For the Child at Home.

TWO TOUGH KNOTS.

One of these was the knot that Peabody Brooks tried to split with his ax. I have just been reading about it in a book called "The Hard Knot:"—

"He bounded out at the door, passed into the poor, dilapidated shed, found an old ax, and began his work. It was the first earnest work of his young life; and, as he dealt the heavy blows with his ax, new determinations seemed to spring up in his mind. There was a pile of old knots in the corner of the shed, and it was upon one of these that he struck the blows. They had lain there long: his mother was too feeble to split them, his father too indolent, and Peabody had never before tried to do a man's work.

"The task before him was not easy. The knots were large and hard, and the ax was dull. The snow had sifted into the shed, there was no good

place to stand, and the night was cold. But Peabody thought of Grandmother Smith's bright fire, and he determined to see as cheerful a blaze in his mother's stove. Up went the ax, and then down it fell with all the force he could give. He was sure such a blow would cut the knot. But no: out flew the obstinate thing, bouncing against the old boards of the shed, not losing even a splinter. He picked it up, and returned it to its position again, brought the old ax down upon it, and again it glanced away as before.

"Three, four, five times he tried it; and at the sixth his patience was exhausted. Catching the huge knot in both hands, he threw it with all his strength against the farther end of the shed, at the same time uttering a dreadful oath. Even as he spoke, a shadow fell across the shed; and, turning, he saw Dr. Peabody standing before him. How quickly the ax fell from his hands! How his head drooped, and his eyes sought the ground! Then, looking up, he exclaimed quickly, 'I couldn't help it, sir: the old thing wouldn't split.'

"And would an oath split it?" asked the doctor.

"Peabody looked confused again; but he answered quietly, 'No, sir.'

"Why, then, did you say those terrible words?"

"Because I couldn't help it."

"Neither spoke for a moment; and then the doctor asked, 'What were you trying to do?'

"I was trying to split an old, hard knot; and I will do it too!"

"Striding across the shed, he seized the knot, returned it to its original position, and again raised the ax.

"Stop!" said the doctor; and the boy let the ax drop.

"Don't you see there is too much snow under your knot? It can not stand firmly."

"Peabody looked earnestly at it, and he saw that it was indeed true.

"Now," said the doctor, "scrape away the snow, and make a firm foundation; and remember, as long as you live, if you would accomplish any thing in life, first make a firm foundation. Nothing can be done without it."

"Peabody stooped, and with his ax chopped away the snow, making an even stand for his knot, feeling the hot blushes come and go as he recollected the oath the doctor had heard. But finally the space was cleared, the knot was placed upright, and again the ax was raised.

"Now," said the doctor, "wait one moment longer. When you have a hard job to do, don't go at it blindly, striking random blows. First look at it carefully, and see how it can best be done; then take sure aim in the proper place, and you will accomplish whatever you undertake. Now, you can not split that knot in the middle, if you try all night; but, if you will examine it, you will see that the sides can be cut away, making the knot small, and giving you a quantity of nice kindlings to make it burn. Split little pieces from the side now."

"Yes, sir: I'll try."

"This time, the boy fixed his eyes steadily upon the wood, marked the spot where he would strike, and brought the ax carefully down, separating a large slice.

"Well done!" said the doctor. "Try it again."

"He did try again, and again, patiently and perseveringly. Smaller and smaller grew the knot, till at length it was evident that it would quite easily go into the stove. There was a pile of chips which had fallen during the process; and, as Peabody gathered them up, the doctor stood by with cheering words.

"See now, my boy, what perseverance can do. You have accomplished your purpose. To-morrow you can split some more wood, and you can keep your mother comfortable during many days. But this must be a lesson to you. You will find many

knots in life; and you must always remember, that, if you can not split them at once, you can demolish them in time. I know of one which must be split into fragments. It is an ugly thing,—the hard knot of swearing. Tear it to pieces. Split it. Destroy it. Let us never hear from it again. Good-night!"

"The doctor left; and, soon after, Peabody heard his bells stop on the hill at old Minn's. Then he carried his wood into the kitchen, pondering all the way upon his kind friend's advice, and thinking it would be easier to split all the knots in the forest than to leave off his habit of using profane words."

I am happy to say that Peabody, after many struggles, was able to tear to pieces that other tough knot of swearing, which he knew was a great sin against God.



For the Child at Home.

"TOM" AND "JULIE."

Tom is a big black cat, that has long had a nice home with kind people who treat animals with great tenderness. He stalks about his mistress's house as if he felt that nobody had a better right there; and he makes free to jump up on his master's knee, and rub his whiskers against his face, purring his gratitude and love. That is the only way that Tom has to show how much he thinks of his privileges.

The other day, Tom's mistress gave a poor beggar-woman some food and clothing, and sent her away with a gentle word and a blessing.

Pretty soon, back came the old woman with a pretty little dog in her arms. She called it "Julie," and wished the lady to accept it, because she had been so good to her, and because the poor woman had no time nor means to give to such pets.

Julie is a beautiful little creature, of a tan-color, with long ears and sparkling eyes. She is quite a baby, and needs almost as much attention as your little brother or sister of a month old; but the dear lady, whose heart warms toward every living thing, took her into her household, and is training her better than some people train their children.

She was quite afraid to introduce Julie to Tom, knowing the opposite nature of cats and dogs.

She thought to herself, "There will be a terrible barking and spitting. Julie will make a great show of fighting; and Tom will uncover his fierce claws, and give the little puppy many a vicious scratch. However, it must be risked. If they are to live together under one roof, they must meet often; and they will have to restrain their tempers, and be polite and courteous to each other."

She fairly trembled when she carried Julie to the kitchen to make the big cat's acquaintance.

This lady has a way of talking to animals as if they were reasonable beings. She insists that they know a great deal more than people give them credit for, and that they are often governed by words: so she said, as she put Julie down upon the floor, "Now, Tom, I've brought you a little sister. She's a weak, tender little thing; and you know you are a big, rough boy: but I don't want you to forget that you are to watch over her and protect her. When you touch her, you must be very gentle; for it is cowardly to be rude to those who are smaller

and weaker than ourselves. Now remember, Tom: I trust you."

She was almost ashamed, and ready to ask pardon, for having wronged the noble cat in the thought, when she saw him walk up to the little Julie, and put his paw around her neck as if to welcome her.

He covered the fierce claws with the soft velvet whenever he touched her; he played with her, and petted her, and seemed to look upon her as a baby, so tender was his care of her.

Every day, they grow more and more attached to each other; and Tom struts about proudly, watching her as she frisks around, and keeping off all intruders if they get upon the front walk and a strange dog comes near.

I saw from my window, the other day, a big boy with his little sister; but he was running on before her, while she was crying from fright because a strange lad threatened her with a stick, and her little feet could not keep up with her brother.

Do you not think this big boy could learn a lesson from the great, noble cat that keeps such careful watch over his little "sister Julie"? Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

CARRIE'S CHOICE.



My friend had put into my hands a number of little books, with pretty, bright covers, to give away. In the family where I was visiting were several children. I gave a book to each of the elder girls; and called Carrie, the youngest little daughter, to me, and said, "Carrie may look at all these books, and take the one she likes best for her own."

The little girl sat down beside me, and after looking at the books, one by one, put them again into my lap, and said, "I would rather take the one you give me."

"What will please you best?" I asked. "What kind of a book would you like best to have?"

Carrie's answer is one I want you all to remember.

"Give me the book," she said, "that tells the most about God."

Carrie was a very little girl: but she did not ask for a pretty story; she wanted to know about God. This is what we should all want to know, and we can learn most about him in his own precious book, the Bible. The more we know about God, the more we shall love him and want to be like him.

N. H. H.

For the Child at Home.

MABEL'S TRIALS.

"I don't think any one knows what my trials are," said a plaintive little voice in the bay-window; and Mrs. Terry looked up with an amused glance at the figure scarcely tall enough to contain many "trials."

"What is one of them, my dear?" she asked quietly. "About your new book?"

"Why, yes," rather hesitatingly. "After I had set my heart on it, I don't see how papa could forget the parcel. I was thinking, though, of a great many things always happening; and I go to bed at night so fretted!"

"Ah! that I know very well; but the worst stumbling-block in your way I have not heard you mention."

"What is it, please?" the clouded face brightening instantly as its owner seated herself on a cricket at her mother's feet. If one must be unlucky, it is at least a comfort to have others admit the fact.

"What were you about yesterday, to begin with?"

"Yesterday?" Mabel wondered what connection that had with the misfortune spoken of. "Let me see. I was going to walk before school with Gerty

Ray: but nurse burned her hand, so that I had to mind the baby a whole hour; and he was just as cross! I shook him gently, mamma,—I couldn't help it,—and then he cried worse than ever."

"O Mabel!" said her mother soberly. "I heard the crying: but I supposed that his sister, who loves him so, could quiet him as well as myself; and I was very busy."

Mabel hung her head a moment, and went on: "I was late at school, because I stopped to see Gerty's new hat,—such a beauty as it is!—and we found the door locked for prayers: so I was tardy fifteen minutes. Then Miriam could not spare her arithmetic to me, because she needed to look over her own lesson; and Tom threw mine behind the sofa when I was chasing him to catch the ball away. I had forgotten all about that, you see. I lost my place in the class, and Miss Ellis blamed me. I was real miserable, mamma. Wasn't it too bad?"

"It was quite right, I think," replied Mrs. Terry. "What else did you deserve? What took place next?"

"Don't you remember, after dinner I was going to drive with you and Aunt Grace? But cousin Ellen came in, and I was told that she would take my place; and I had to stay at home alone."

"That was a disappointment, to be sure; but how badly you behaved, Mabel, crying and scolding, though your cousin is sick, and very seldom gets a chance to ride!"

"I see you do not pity me, mamma; and it is of no use to tell you such things," said Mabel, getting up to go away.

"Come back, my dear: I have not done with you yet. I wished you to see that all your 'trials,' as you call them, were caused by your own naughty self. Who was selfish and fretful but Mabel Terry? and it is of her that you keep thinking. People who go round looking at themselves all day long are apt to have a poor time."

"But I do not stand before the glass to watch my eyelashes and dimples like some girls!" exclaimed the child eagerly.—"Minnie says she gets right up on the parlor-table."

"I am not talking of Minnie. Do you believe, that, after all, a little girl who can be very sweet and lady-like, and a great comfort, when she chooses, more often allows herself to be very disagreeable and pettish?"

That seemed a great deal to admit; and Mabel studied the pattern of the carpet until her mother had laid aside her sewing, and was about leaving the room.

"Perhaps you are right, mamma," she said quite faintly at last. "I had not thought much about it."

"Half the vexations in life are brought about by our own faults," said her mother. "If you allow yourself to be fretted by trifles, you will have the chance to be out of sorts nearly all the time; but if you look around to see how you can help others, and try to lose sight of yourself, you will be cheerful and contented, without stopping to wonder why you feel so. Isn't that reasonable, Mabel?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the quick answer. "I guess I had better try it: I want to be your sunbeam."

"Then you surely will be," said her mother, smiling, and patting her curly head. C. M. P.

For the Child at Home.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

"Brother dear, I am so tired! Are we not almost home?"

"Courage, darling! I can not say that we are near home; for I fear we have wandered far out of our way. But cheer up, Jennie: the night must be nearly over; and it will be all right in the morning."

Ah, the brave little fellow! his own heart was sadly distressed concerning their unfortunate situation; but little Jennie must be soothed and com-

forted, and self was forgotten in the effort to cheer the dependent sister.

Uncertain of their whereabouts, in a wild and lonely portion of a new Western settlement, far away from the regular beaten track, amid the darkness of a cloudy night, poor, forlorn little beings, their situation was indeed deplorable. How far they might be from home, they had no idea; and finally, fearing they were but wandering farther from home and friends, Walter proposed that they should rest a while to gather fresh strength and courage for their uncertain journey.

But twelve summers had the noble boy experienced, and yet he seemed suddenly to have acquired the thoughtfulness and discretion of manhood.

The night was mild for the season, although somewhat chilly. Walter unfolded the warm plaid which he carried on his arm, wrapped his little sister in its comfortable folds, and, seating himself on a soft pile of moss and leaves beneath a sheltering tree, took her tenderly in his arms, and pillowed her weary head upon his breast.

"Now go to sleep, darling: it will be all right in the morning."

Soon the hunger and weariness of the little one were forgotten in the soft slumbers of childhood; but not so with her manly protector. Sleep visited him not during the remaining hours of that long night. Quietly he sat watching the calm repose of the little loved sister, with a firm trust that it would be all right in the morning. He had told their troubles to their heavenly Father, imploring his aid and guidance; and he had not a doubt but they would be granted.

Sweet, childish faith! It was not misplaced. The first faint streaks of dawn disclosed to the weary watcher a distant band of men in search of the lost ones. Far away across the plain, from his elevated position, he could distinctly see them, torch in hand; and his heart swelled with thanksgiving and praise to God.



Joyfully awaking little Jennie, Walter knelt for a moment in prayer, his little sister's hand clasped close in his; and then, with a shout which woke the echoes far and near, the brave boy took Jennie, and hastened to meet the anxious settlers, foremost among whom was the half-distracted father of the missing children. And, ere the rising of the sun, they were fondly clasped in the arms of the overjoyed mother, who had spent the night in an agony of doubt and fear difficult to describe.

"Did I not tell you it would be all right in the



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THE CHILLED LAMB.

"LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,—
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?"

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is call'd by thy name;
For He calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child,—
I a child, and thou a lamb;
We are call'd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!"

So Lilly Green was humming, making up a tune as she went along, when she heard "a tender voice," that didn't sound like "making all the vales rejoice." It was a pitiful bleating; for her father was just bringing in at the door a poor little chilled creature, that couldn't walk, nor hardly stand. And the anxious wooly mamma followed on, determined to see what was going to be done with her weakly darling. Both together made such dismal music, that little Eddie was almost frightened, and stood off as far as possible, twisting his thumbs and fingers behind him.

"Dear little lammy," said Lilly, "why won't you take some milk, and get well?" Tenderly they nursed him till he could stalk about bravely with his clumsy feet; and the next day, when the cold wind of early April had grown more mild, out he went to play with his brother-lambs.

Does not all this remind you of that precious command which the great and good Shepherd gave to Peter, "Feed my lambs"? His lambs are all the feeble and tender ones in his fold, and especially little children. They need his protection and love; and they must come to him, and love him.

Lilly was a great singer for a little girl; and, as she went about the house after the chilled lamb had got well, she kept singing over and over again,—

"I am Jesus' little lamb;
Therefore glad and gay I am:
Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me;
All that's good and fair he shows me;
Tends me every day the same;
Even calls me by my name.

Out and in I safely go:
Want or hunger never know:
Soft, green pastures he dis-closeth,
Where his happy flock re-positeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook he leadeth me.

Should I not be glad and gay
In this blessed fold all day,
By this holy shepherd tend'ed,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light?
Yes, oh! yes: my lot is bright."

For the Child at Home.

IS THAT RELIGION?

Herbert Mason's father was tightening a loose hinge upon the barn-door. He went for a screw-driver, looking in the place where it ought to be. It was not to be found. Now, no one but himself ever used his tools except his son, a boy of fourteen,—old enough to know the importance of "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

It took Mr. Mason a long time to find the missing tool. It began to grow dark. Herbert was not to be found, as he ought to have been; for he well knew that his father expected him to be "on hand" at his return from business.

At last he hears Herbert's voice, and calls him. The boy answers, but walks up the road slowly. Again his father calls, and Herbert does not hasten: so darkness comes on before Mr. Mason can finish his work,—not a small trial to a man prompt and systematic as he was. Yet Herbert was not a bad boy, but often a source of great vexation to his father by his dilatory habits, and want of order.

Now, it chanced that Herbert's Sabbath-school teacher, Mr. Owen, was a little behind Herbert, coming up the road. He heard Mr. Mason call, and noticed that the boy did not hasten. He had also, formerly, had opportunity to know something of Herbert's dilatory and careless habits, having once boarded in his father's family.

Soon after this, a series of religious meetings was held in the neighborhood; and Herbert, who was already a church-member, became impressed with a

desire to do something for the glory of God. But what to do he knew not. He went to his teacher.

Mr. Owen did not discourage the boy's desire, but expressed pleasure to hear it, and, in course of conversation, took the opportunity to remark, "*Before we can successfully persuade others to become religious, we must act out our religion in every day's duties, great or small.*" As a child," he continued, "God requires your duty to your parents, first of all; not merely obedience, but *cheerful* obedience, and little *voluntary* services which are not positively commanded by your indulgent parents; not only doing this with promptness, but anticipating their wishes."

He then candidly told Herbert what he knew of the matter of refitting the door-hinge, and said,—

"A great part of religion consists, not merely in *doing* what we can to help others, but in studying that we do not annoy or vex by any careless or otherwise bad habit, especially parents, who are often weary and burdened with care."

"Is that religion? I never thought of that before," said Herbert.

"Think, then, of these little things, my boy; asking God to remind you of every little duty, and to aid you to do it. Then will you be better fitted for the greater and more evidently religious work. '*He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much.*'"

Herbert did think, and became from that time a prompt and efficient helper to his father.

M. P. H.

For the Child at Home.

ELLA MERWIN'S DOLL.

"Oh, see, mamma, what Rover has done!" And little Ella's tearful face looked appealingly to her mother, while she held up the greatest treasure she had owned,—a pretty wax-doll, with torn dress and crushed head.

"There, there, Ella," said Mrs. Merwin soothingly: "I would not cry. Mamma is very sorry: she knows her little girl is not generally careless, and she would willingly get her another doll; but papa can not spare the money now. I can make a pretty rag head with real hair for this one, and it shall have a new crimson cashmere dress. Will not that do?"

But Ella could not be consoled for the loss of the pretty wax face and eyes that would open and shut, and the pleasure of "making it cry."

"Mamma," said Ella, suddenly checking her sobs, "would God give me a new wax doll with *black* eyes instead of blue, if I ask him?"

"I do not know, darling: he always gives us what we ask for if it is best for us."

Slipping away a little while after, she opened the door of the pleasant chamber which she and Bessie—a sister a little older than herself—shared together; but, seeing Bessie sitting on the floor in front of their play-house with her wax-doll in her hands, she softly shut it, and went into her mother's room, and, kneeling by the bed, asked God to please give her a new wax-doll like Bessie's because it had black eyes; and to please make her a good and careful little girl, for Jesus' sake.

Shall we see what Bessie was doing all this time? She was in the porch when Ella discovered her broken doll, and felt very sorry for her sister. She went up stairs, and poured all the pennies out of her "bank;" but there were not half enough to buy Ella another. Then she opened the door of the large closet used by them for a playhouse, and took out two large dolls: the china one she laid on the floor beside her; and the other, a beautiful wax one, she kept in her hand; and, when Ella opened the door, she was thinking too earnestly to notice it. In her kind, sisterly heart, she was thinking of Ella's loss, and that perhaps she had better give Ella the wax-

doll; for she had the china one, just as large and nice, and which *she* really thought the prettier, and liked best because not so easily spoiled. But, when she seemed ready to decide, there came up the thought that it was Aunt Helen's gift, and how pleasant and convenient it often was in their play to have two. It was hard to decide: but, a half-hour later, she made up her mind "that she would do as she would be done by;" and she put a pretty new dress, which Ella had not seen, on the doll, and got mamma to wrap it up, and label it, "A present for Ella from a friend," and made her promise "not to tell," and put it on the hall-table.

Ella was delighted, and said "God had sent her a prettier doll, every bit as pretty as Bessie's; for it had *black* eyes."

The secret was kept. Ella often wondered why Bessie never played with hers like it, but never suspected it was the same.

And Bessie was happy, and fully paid for her sacrifice, in seeing Ella's enjoyment of the doll.

Jessie.



For the Child at Home.

THE MISSIONARY FAIR.

Let me tell you what Minnie H. and Frankie C. did to help the dear missionaries who have gone with the word of life to the poor heathen.

Minnie is seven and Frank eight years old, living near each other in the pleasant town of Ripon, Wis. They had heard much about the missionaries; and Minnie was willing to give all her pennies, but they were so few, that she thought they would do no good without more to go with them.

She talked with Frank about it, and they decided to have a fair.

They engaged Minnie's uncle to make a speech on the occasion, and charged their hearers two or three pennies apiece. After that they sold some apples, plums, pop-corn, &c., and exhibited three little kitties cunningly curled up in a covered box.

Only the members of their own families were present, and a few of the neighboring children; but they enjoyed it very much. When they counted up their pennies, they found that they had two hundred and thirty-five; which they inclose herewith, and follow with their simple prayers.

G. C. D.

The money spoken of above was sent to us for the missionaries. "Send it to 'The Child at Home,'" Minnie and Frankie said, "and he will give it to them." How shall we give it to them? We have concluded to send it, in copies of "The Child at Home," to missionaries' children.

For the Child at Home.

BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

No III.

Mrs. Barstow had been gone a week. Edith knew she had left them all on a sad errand, and was not surprised, when she returned, to be told that her dear grandmother, whom she had tenderly loved all her little life, was gone to her Saviour.

"I was going to tell you to-night," said Mrs. Barstow, "of another light,—one who lived about a hundred years after Origen, of whom I told you last; but my thoughts wander from the subject to one whose steady, beautiful light, after burning brightly over fourscore years, has now ceased to shine for us, and is removed to that home where all is light as well as love.

Strange as you may think it, Edith, I never before had seen a person die. I had always shrunk from seeing the spirit's light go out. But as I sat and held that dear hand, and watched with intense love and yearning the beloved face, through that most solemn hour of my life, I saw the most beautiful expression rest upon and light up the whole countenance. Her path had been one of "shining light," and we felt and saw that it "grew brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

For hours the eyes were closed, no more to open upon earth; the lips could not move; the hand returned no pressure: but the blissful spirit shone out in every lineament of the heavenly countenance with the clearness of "a light within a vase."

Some one broke the silence by repeating the verse,—

"Then while you hear my heart-strings break
Fast as the minutes roll,
There's mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul."

It was indeed the "glory in the soul," shining through the frail clay for the last time, until He, "according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself," shall "change the vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body."

We felt that a "beautiful light" was passing from us; but, now that I can see her face no more, the light seems to remain!

Am I weary and worn with care, I think of one, who, amid a long life filled with unwonted care, always bore a patient smile and ready word of love; and a light seems to fall about my way, and thrill my heart with new hope.

Do I grow irritable under petty annoyances, I think of one whose unsurpassed *patience* astonished me in childhood, incited me in youth, and made me reverent in maturer years; and again that light falls on my spirit, and brings peace.

As I looked upon that face, *very beautiful* in its last sleep, the text which came most forcibly to my mind was this,— "Who will render, to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life;" and I knew that it was of such as these that Jesus spoke, when he said, "Ye are the light of the world."

For the Child at Home.

PRAYING FOR PAPA.

In a daily prayer-meeting in one of our large cities, a man rose, and asked that God's people would pray for him. He was a large, strong man; but, as he stood there, the great tears rolled down his cheeks. I want to tell my little readers what he said. He had been a great sinner. He had not loved God, and had not obeyed his commands. "But," said he, "I have just received a letter from home; and in that letter my little daughter says, 'Tell papa I pray for him every day.'"

The man said he did not like to think, that, while his little girl never forgot to pray for her father, he never remembered to pray for himself. He wanted to be a Christian, and he wanted all who loved God in that meeting to pray for him.

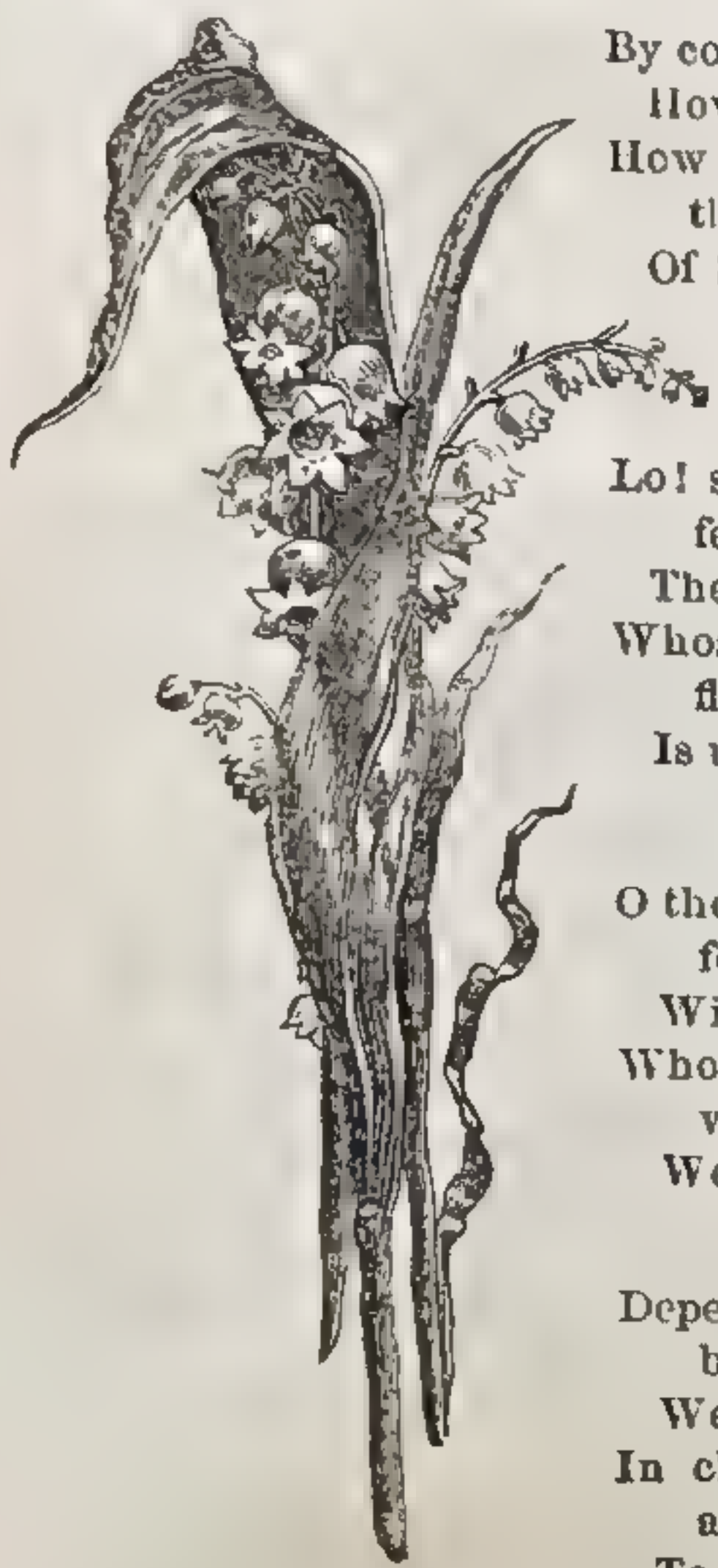
There may be some little child who reads this paper whose father does not love the Saviour.

Dear little one, go and tell Jesus, and ask him to make your father a Christian. Our heavenly Father loves to make his children happy, and, I am sure,

would never refuse to hear a child who asked that a dear father might learn to love Jesus. Would you not rejoice if your prayers could be the means of leading a father or mother, or some other friend, to Jesus?

N. H. H.

"I AM THE ROSE OF SHARON AND THE LILY OF THE VALLEYS."



By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath
the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early
feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with in-
fluence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

O thou whose infant feet were
found
Within thy Father's shrine;
Whose years, with changeless
virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine!—

Dependent on thy bounteous
breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age,
and death,
To keep us still thine own.

THE FAIRY MONITOR.

"O mother, how I wish there were real fairies in the world to let us children know when we were going to do wrong! Wouldn't it be nice? Why, I don't believe I should ever do any thing wrong if I had a fairy always at my elbow to warn me."

Carrie's eyes sparkled at the idea of such a thing, and her restless little feet tapped impatiently against the lattice-work which screened the piazza.

"And have you no such monitor, my dear? Reflect a moment, and I think you will remember a 'still small voice' which has often spoken when you were doing wrong."

"Oh, yes, mother! I know what you mean." I have a conscience: but somehow I don't think it is as good as a real live fairy would be, who would pinch my arm, or prick me, so that I couldn't help feeling it; and then I am sure I should mind the warning. I know conscience can not really hinder me from doing as I like, and I do not mind it half so much as I should if it hurt me some."

"Why, my dear little Carrie, the pain of a wounded spirit is worse than any bodily distress; and I trust my little girl is not yet so hardened that she feels not the sting of any sin she may have committed. Bear in mind, my darling, that you have a faithful monitor, a fairy monitor if you will, and see if she does not give your heart a twinge the next time you do wrong. Ever obey the kindly warning, and I shall have no fears for you, Carrie;" and, with a smile and kiss, Mrs. Lee dismissed her little daughter to prepare for school.

When Carrie returned from school in the afternoon, she found her mother had gone out to tea; and, feeling very hungry just then, she hurried into the pantry for a lunch. Here was plenty of good bread and butter; and here, too, was a luscious-looking cream-pie, that had been made expressly for some friends who were coming to-morrow. How she would like a piece of that!—just one little taste; but then the pie was uncut, and so the smallest piece would betray her. The longer she looked at it, the more she wished for a piece; and finally she began to consider how she could escape detection if she took it. "I have it," she said after a moment's reflection. "I will take a piece,

and then put the plate just here, between the tea-urn and the edge of the shelf. Bridget will come in before dark, just as she always does. She'll never see the pie; and away it will go, smash upon the floor: and then, of course, nobody'll be to blame; for Bridget will say it was an accident; and mamma never scolds about accidents, unless we are very careless." And, delighted with her stratagem, Carrie seized a knife, and began to cut the pie.

Conscience had been gently remonstrating all this time; but now she spoke up boldly, and the little girl felt a sharp twinge at her heart-strings just then. But Carrie's passions, when once roused, were very strong; and the temptation was too powerful to be resisted.

"I don't care," she reasoned. "It is not stealing to take a piece of pie from my own mother: and I shall tell no lies; for I shall say nothing about it any way."

"Yes, but you'll be acting a lie, which is just the same," whispered Conscience. But all in vain the pleadings of her faithful monitor. Carrie rudely silenced the "still small voice," hastily dispatched the piece of pie, and then ran quickly away to the garden, where she remained until the tea-bell rang.

Mrs. Lee came home early, before Carrie's usual hour for retiring; and the child was sitting thoughtfully on the green bank beneath the kitchen-window, when Bridget's voice suddenly broke the stillness, and Carrie held her breath to listen.

"O Mrs. Lee!" sobbed the poor girl: "shure ye'll think me very careless; but I've smashed yer nice crame-pie ye took so much pains with to-day! An' shure, ma'am, I can't tell how 'twas done. It was dark in there: and I was shure the pie was in a safe place; but, if it had been, how could it have got broke? Shure ye may kape my wake's wages, ma'am, if ye won't be afther blaming me too much."

"Bridget, I put the pie away myself in a safe place; and it must have been moved, as you say, else it would never have been broken. And who but yourself could have moved it, pray? Are you sure you were not tempted to taste the pie, and then broke the plate to hide your fault?" Mrs. Lee spoke sternly, for she was a good deal vexed about the pie; and, as Bridget had lived with her but a short time, she knew not but she might be easily tempted.

Bridget's grief broke forth afresh at this unjust accusation; and she seemed so crushed down by the cruel suspicion of her mistress, that the lady was almost convinced of her innocence. And yet there was no one else to do the mischief: and here lay the difficulty; for of course Mrs. Lee could not suspect her winning little daughter capable of so much deceit.

"Shure ye'll always think me a thafe and a liar: and I could niver bear that, ma'am; for I thinks a dale of my charackter." Poor Bridget wept aloud in her distress; and at this crisis the fairy monitor again pulled Carrie's heart-strings,—so tightly, that the little girl gasped for breath, and sprang to her feet in dismay.

"Oh, what a wicked girl I am! Mother, do not blame Bridget; it was all my fault!" she breathlessly exclaimed. "Poor, dear Bridget! she is innocent, and I alone am guilty!" And Carrie forced her mother to listen while she told her story, begging her forgiveness for her deception, and also humbly begging pardon of the poor Irish girl for the injury she had done her.

"And now, Carrie, how about your little monitor?" asked Mrs. Lee when they were alone: "did she fail to do her duty? or did you disregard her friendly warning?"

"Oh, I didn't mind her, mother!" frankly replied Carrie. "She pricked me right here," she said, laying her hand upon her heart, "oh, so hard! and I wouldn't mind her even then."

"Ah, my child! no such little monitor could prevent your doing wrong by the mere force of its 'still small voice,' unless you were disposed to listen. God has given you a faithful monitor, and I trust in future you will ever listen to and be guided by its gentle voice."

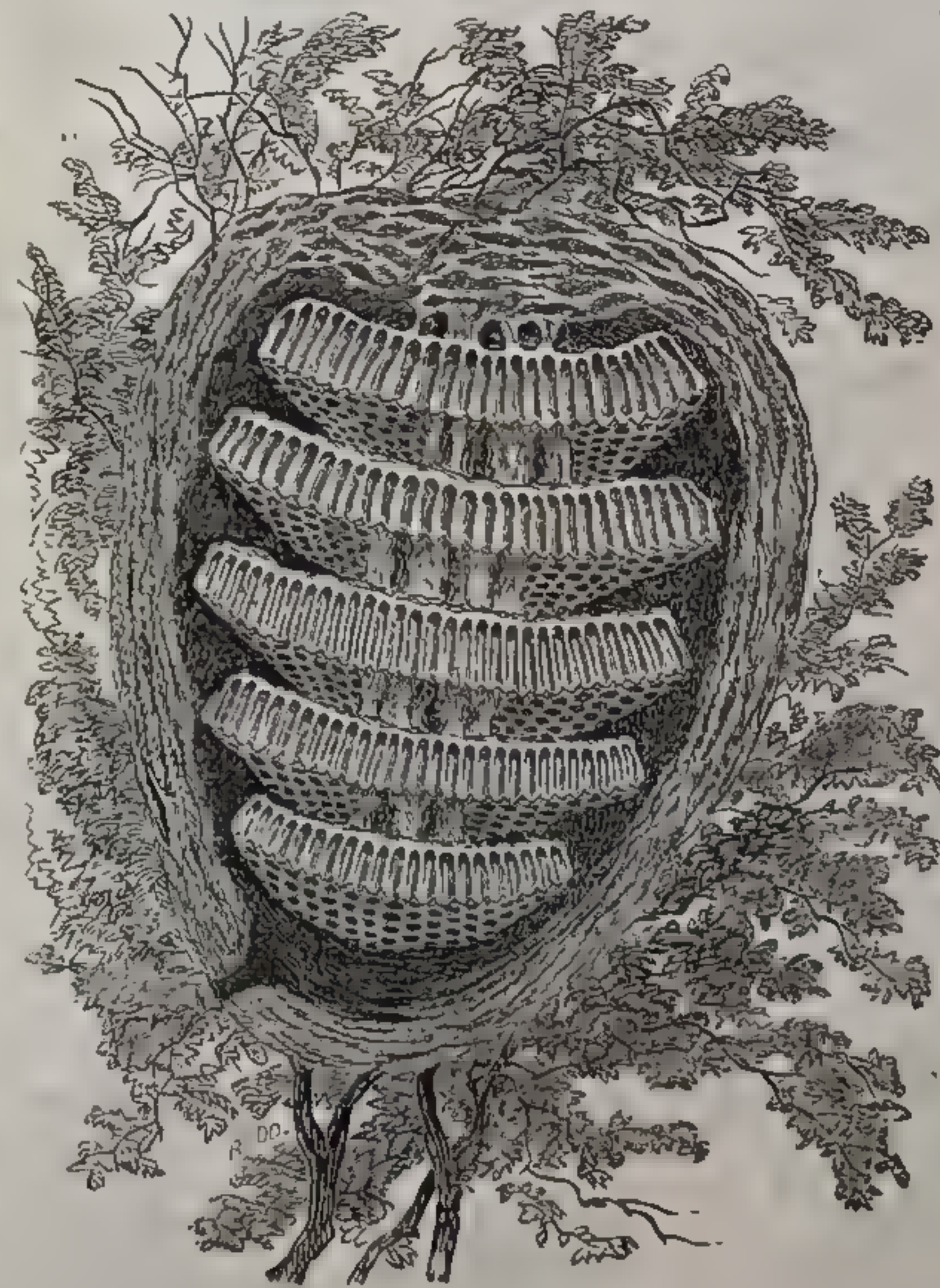
Mrs. Lee talked long and seriously with the penitent child. Carrie shed many bitter tears; and, kneeling at the throne of grace, oh, how humbly she resolved, with divine assistance, never again to disregard the warning voice of Conscience, her fairy monitor!

Dewdrop.

THE WASP'S NEST.

Last summer I watched a wasp which had alighted upon my window-sash, and actually saw the bold fellow sawing and cutting out timbers for his house. He had two strong saws, which played against each other to the right and left; and, using them vigorously, he soon had a bundle of little fibers, which he carried off in his claws. I followed him, or at least went to a partly-formed nest where I supposed he had gone, and found his brothers, if not himself, busy at work. Kneading these fibers with a glutinous substance from their own bodies into a kind of paste, they put it where needed upon the nest, treading it with their feet, and using their tongues as a trowel, going backwards as they worked, till the paste took the form of this gray paper.

"How strange! how wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Bruce. "But now I must ask a question. These layers of paper are not close together. Is that the effect of the frost upon them?"



"Not of the frost, but the choice of that wonderful instinct with which our Father has gifted these little creatures. Jeannie, can you think what difference it would make in a drenching rain-storm whether the pieces of paper lay close, or had spaces between them?"

Jennie softly pressed the paper together, as if trying the effect, and in a moment exclaimed triumphantly, "Oh, I see! I see, papa! If it lay close, it would all wet through; but now it would have to be very wet before the water would drip through all these little spaces quite to the center: so that would be dry, would it not?"

"Yes; and observe this paper wall is at least an inch and a half in thickness, and composed of how many layers of paper?"

Kate counted them, and answered that there were fifteen. "But," she added, "I won't promise to count all those cells inside."

So much for the walls of the castle; and it is enough to fill us with admiring wonder when we see



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MAYING.

"WELL done!" said Uncle Harry as he peeped in upon the busy company. "It pays, doesn't it, to get up early *once* in the year? Here, let me see what you have in your basket. Oh, yes! violets and liverworts, and anemones and adder's-tongue, and spring-beauty, and—ah! where did you find that queen of all the early wild flowers,—the humble, sweet, lovely May-flower?" And he drew out a long, trailing stem, with its rough brown leaves and clusters of rose-colored blossoms.

"Let me tell you," he added, "why this was called May-flower. In England, a very different plant, the hawthorn, bears this name; but, when the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country (you know

it was in midwinter), one of the first flowers they saw in the spring was this. They never had seen such a plant in England, and so, I suppose, they gave it a name; and how could they do better than call it after their dear old ship 'The May-flower'? Its other name, you know, is trailing arbutus."

And Uncle Harry went away as suddenly as he had come; and he said to himself, "Yes, children and flowers go well together. God made both; and God loves beauty, and, most of all, a beautiful, loving heart."

Whenever I see the May-flower growing in its own home, so lowly and hidden that you can hardly find it, I think of the beauty of humility. God loves the humble, and never forgets them.

For the Child at Home.

FRED'S FAILURE.

Miss May was reading in the nursery the story of "Kind Alice" to Daisy. Fred was standing by the table, making letters on a piece of paper, and imagining that it was a letter to mamma.

Miss May thought Fred wasn't listening at all; but as she finished a chapter with these words, "You see little Alice was a peacemaker,— 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God,'"—and stopped a moment to turn a leaf, Fred turned round, and said he knew of one peacemaker.

"Well, do you think you are one?" asked Miss May.

"No," said Fred slowly. "I can't be; for I quarrel with Ned and Daisy sometimes. I mean sister Hatty: she always settles our disagreements." At which long word, Miss May laughed, and wondered when she should see the little peacemaker.

"Why, t-t-to-morrow," stammered Daisy in her eagerness.—"She is coming in the last train: didn't you know it?"

"But," said Miss May, "if you were good always, there'd be no need of a peacemaker. Try it."

"Oh, no!" said Fred with a yawn: "it's too hard work to be good always: it's a relief to be naughty sometimes, I think."

This time, Miss May looked sober. "Do you think Hatty likes to have you naughty?" she asked.

Fred said "No" very slowly again.

"Well," continued she, "I know another peacemaker who is glad just as Hatty is when the children are pleasant and love one another,—more glad than Hatty can be."

"That is Jesus," said Daisy softly.

There was a hush of a minute, and both children seemed thinking earnestly.

"Did Jesus ever settle children's disputes when he was a child?" asked Fred. "Does it say any thing about it in the Bible, I mean?"

"It says he went about doing good," she answered; "and helping people be pleasant, and act kindly toward each other, is doing a great deal of good. Now, if you really love Christ, you will be pleasant and kind and gentle to all your play-mates."

"Hatty loves Jesus," said little Daisy; "and I do try to."

"Well," said Fred, "I like doing good every way but just that way of being a peacemaker. I always get angry."

"You must pray to Christ to help you to be good: it will be harder for you than for some little boys I know, because you are quick and impulsive; but Jesus will help you if you pray to him."

"I'm going to try," said he. "If I say, 'I won't get angry,' very decided-ly, won't that do just as well as stopping to pray?"

"My little boy must ask Jesus to give him a new heart, and make him like himself; then he will feel

very, very sorry when others quarrel and fight, because the child's dear friend, Jesus, feels so badly too."

Fred thought a minute again. "I shall try it the other way *first*," said he. "I'll keep saying to myself, 'I won't get mad, I won't get mad;' and, if I do begin to feel so, I'll go off all alone, and play, and forget about it."

"Miss May looked as though she didn't believe the plan would work, but only said, 'Will you tell me all about it after you have tried it?'"

Fred promised that he would.

The next day, Hatty came. She was a darling, and everybody loved her. Would you know the secret? It was just as Daisy said, — Hatty loved Jesus, and tried to serve him too.

Fred came to Miss May the next morning, and said very triumphantly, "I haven't been angry yet, and I've had six chances: but I kept saying to myself, 'I won't get mad, I won't get mad;' and so I didn't, you see."

"Try it a little longer," said she.

Fred said "Yes," as though it was very easy; but, before an hour had passed, he had changed his mind; and I will tell you why.

He was playing ball with Ned, Daisy, and Tommy Mason; when Tommy said that Ned didn't throw his ball right, and asked Fred what he thought about it. Fred thought it was a nice chance to prove himself a peacemaker: so he told Tommy, just as pleasantly as he could, that he thought Ned played fair; but if he wasn't quite satisfied, and Ned would agree to it, they had better commence a new game.

Tommy grew very angry, however, and told Fred that he was trying to help Ned cheat, and that he knew he wouldn't play fair the next time; and finally threw down his ball, and walked away very sulkily indeed.

Fred only laughed; but he said to himself, "How silly it is in him to get so angry! Now, I'm not angry at all: why, I feel just like laughing." So he called out to him in a very provoking tone, —

"Come back, Tommy, when you get pleasant."

Tommy shouted, "I'll come back when *you* learn to play ball."

There was something very like anger in Fred's heart as Tommy said this. To think that Tommy Mason should dare to say such a thing to the best ball-player in their club was an insult which ought not to be overlooked.

"Take that back, will you?" shouted he very angrily.

Tommy said sullenly, "No, I won't." What do you think our little peacemaker did then? He quite forgot that he was a peacemaker, he quite forgot to say to himself that he wouldn't get angry, but threw down his hat, and ran after Tommy, saying, "You *shall* take it back: I'll make you." Tommy ran, and Fred ran; and at last Fred caught him, and I don't like to tell all that followed. Fred was older and stronger, and very angry too; and he rolled him over and over in the dusty road, and pounded him till the little boy cried with pain. Suddenly Fred stopped. Tommy's face was covered with blood, and it was this sight that brought him to his senses.

"Oh! what have I done?" thought he, and slunk away, still angry, but a good deal frightened; glancing back every few steps to see if Tommy was getting up.

Yes, he got up all covered with dust, and his face with both blood and dust, and went crying home; and Fred went into the house very slowly, and sat down at the schoolroom-window.

He sat all alone some time, too much ashamed to see any one; and gradually his anger went away, and he began to feel dreadfully. He left the room,

and hunted up Hatty, and told her all about it. The dear girl looked very sober while Fred was telling his story; and, when he had finished, she said, —

"Let's go down to Tommy's, and see how he is; and you can tell him you are sorry, and ask him to forgive you. I'll ask Miss May for permission."

"Oh, no! I *can't* do that: ask him to forgive me!" But Hatty was already gone to Miss May, and telling her the whole story.

Miss May looked very sober, too, when she came in; and the sight of so many sober faces made Fred cry.

"Miss May," he sobbed, "I forgot my promise. If somebody had been there to remind me, I shouldn't have done so."

"You forgot Christ too," said she solemnly; "but don't you remember you thought you were strong enough yourself to keep from doing wrong?"

M. E. D.



(The Twin Lakes. From a sketch by the author.)

For the Child at Home.

"PROSPECTING."

I presume many of the children who read this paper have heard of the gold mines of Colorado.

Now, children, would you like to know how they find where the gold is? If so, I will try to tell you.

The kind of rock in which gold and silver are found is quartz.

This quartz-rock lies in veins in the mountains, varying in width from an inch to thirty feet.

Perhaps you have seen stones which are divided by veins of a different character from the rest of the stone. In the same way these Rocky Mountains are divided by quartz veins, which extend in straight lines for hundreds of feet, and sometimes for several miles.

The hunting of these lodes is called "prospecting;" and the hunters, "prospectors."

The work of prospecting is very exciting, and the prospector cares little for the comforts of a home in the work. Many of them will start with a pack of "grub," as they call it, for some mountain; to be gone for weeks, living all this time in a little log cabin just large enough to creep into for the night. Oftentimes their cabin is nothing but a shelter under some brush laid up slantingly against a great rock. But want of comfort is of little account, so long as there is the hope of finding a lode by which they will be rendered immensely rich.

Starting out from the villages and from these rude shelters, as soon as they reach the base of a mountain their eyes are fixed upon the ground in the search for pieces of quartz-rock. Every stone of this character is picked up and examined, and its quality judged.

But you may wonder what he is hunting these little loose stones over for. You will soon see, however.

These veins of which I have spoken come to the surface of the mountains in some places. Pieces of them get broken off, and roll down. That part

which appears on the surface and gets broken off is called "blossom-rock." This blossom-rock from good lodes is porous, resembling sponge; and is often covered with iron-rust.

When the prospector finds one of these pieces, he knows that it must have come from a place above him upon the mountain-side: so he begins to ascend from that point. Soon he finds another piece, then another; and, if the pieces appear to be rich in mineral, excitement increases. So long as he can find pieces which resemble each other in quality, he knows that the lode must be above him. Failing to find any pieces, he retraces his steps to the place where he last discovered one, and commences an examination of the solid rock of the mountain; yet, as is often the case, this is covered many feet deep with loose stones and sliding earth, so that the vein can not be seen upon the surface. But the prospector has seen the evidence of a lode in the blossom he has found, and so knows there must be a lode

near that place, although he can not see it; and he commences with pick and shovel to remove the *débris*. Sometimes several weeks will be spent in digging in the loose earth before the firm rock is reached; and even then there is no certainty that he will strike upon the lode. Sometimes he will dig several holes in search for it. Yet this is not always the case: frequently the lodes will be in plain sight.

The mountains about Empire City (from which place I am writing) have been alive with men this past summer; hundreds engaging in the work of prospecting. Some of the mountains are covered with holes made in the search for lodes, and upon the lodes themselves; and, if one should not

notice where he was traveling, he might suddenly find his own *prospect* exceedingly limited.

If all the lodes discovered were valuable, the prospectors would soon become very wealthy: but comparatively few, perhaps not more than one in a hundred, are very valuable; so that prospecting is like a lottery, — one man makes a hundred thousand in a day, while another is rewarded for his summer's toil by only a few veins of inferior quality.

The search for the treasures hid in these mountains illustrates the search for the treasure there is in Christ. The prospector picks up a piece of quartz, and it tells him, "Go up above it for the lode." We open the Bible, and read, "Seek thou things which are above." The Bible is the "blossom-rock" which has been sent down from heaven. Every passage which Christ uttered is a separate piece. Learning from them all, we follow on in the direction whither they lead till we come to the rock Christ Jesus, and become possessed of an inheritance in that city whose gates are pearls, and whose streets are paved with gold. W. H. P.

For the Child at Home.

THE HARD WORD.

Oh, how Frank's tooth ached all night long! And what a long, long night it was! He could not sleep, poor child, for the pain; and I could not sleep, I felt so badly for him. He would just catch a bit of a nap, and the pain would wake him right up, and he would cry out; and then I would get up to try to ease the pain and soothe him. And so it was up and down with us all the night long; and we were both glad to see the dawn of day.

"Now, Frank, my dear," said I, "we will not pass the next night in this way. We will cure that pain to-day."

"How can you?" he asked.

"There is but one way, my son. The tooth is too far gone to be cured; but we can cure the ache. You will have to have the tooth drawn out."

"O ma!" cried poor Frank, and the tears came. "It will hurt so! won't it?"

Now, I know some would have said, "Why, no, child: it won't hurt you a bit." I have heard folks say just those words. But I think that is not right. We should speak the truth to a child, — the plain truth. Let him know the worst of the case, and then he can meet it. That is my way: don't you think it is the right way? Don't you like to have the truth told to you at all times? I am sure you do.

So I said, "Why, of course it will hurt, Frank; but what of that? The pain will be but short, and then you will have no more to fear."

"Ma, I can't stand it," said the child.

"My dear, you must," said I. But I did not say this in a harsh tone: I said it in a clear, low way, that he might know I meant it, and at the same time see that I felt for him.

"Ma," said Frank, "must is a hard word. I don't like it."

I could but smile, his face and his tone were so grave.

"Yes, it does sound hard," I said; "but it is a good word, my son, and one we need to use. I will tell you, Frank, how you may get rid of it."

"How?"

"If you choose to do what is right and for the best at all times, there will be no need to say *must* to you; or, if the word is used, all the hard part is gone from it, and it comes to be one we love to hear. Do you not see how it may be?"

"Yes, ma; I see how it is: but I don't want to do right at all times. Now, I ought to have this tooth out; but I don't want to."

"Well, we can make up our minds to do what we know we ought to do; can we not?" It may not be our wish or choice to do just that thing; but it may be our will to do it, since we know it to be right: and this it is that takes the edge off from that hard word, that is apt to wound and hurt us so."

Boys and girls, is *must* a hard word to you? Can you not change it to a good one? If you are brave and good, it will be a guide to you in the path of right; but if you are weak, and do not wish to do as you ought, it will be like a rod held up all the time in your sight to keep you in fear, and to fall on you in sharp strokes when you do wrong. H. E. B.



For the Child at Home.

"I WON'T."

Jessie's mother had called to her in a very pleasant tone, "Jessie, my dear, run up stairs and get Minnie's pinafore for mamma."

The little girl stood by the washstand, blowing bubbles; and, taking the pipe for a moment from her mouth, she looked towards her mother, and said deliberately, "I won't."

Jessie's mamma put Minnie down from her lap, and, taking the pipe and bowl away from Jessie, led her from the room.

It was the first time she had ever heard her make use of such naughty words, and she knew that she must punish her.

After the little girl had stopped crying, her mother said, —

"Jessie, let me hear you say the Lord's Prayer."

Jessie began; and when she had said, "Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," her mother made her stop.

"Did you say this prayer this morning?" asked she.

"Yes, mamma: I always say it, night and morning."

"Who are they who do God's will in heaven, Jessie?"

"The angels, mamma."

"Yes, my child; but do you think the angels say, 'I won't,' when God bids them do any thing?"

Jessie started, and looked at her mother with an earnest, amazed face.

"How do you think the angels do God's will, Jessie?"

"In a *minute*, mamma," said the child, catching at her mother's idea.

"That is right, my child; and how must you obey mamma, if you would be like God's holy angels, my little Jessie?"

"In a *minute*, mamma," returned Jessie, crowding close up to her mother's side, and putting her face up for a kiss of forgiveness for the naughty words she had said.

Say after me these words of your Father in heaven, Jessie," said her mamma: —

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."

Jessie repeated the verse in a slow and reverent tone.

"When mamma tells you to do any thing for her, if you really mean the prayer which you say morning and evening, 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven,' how will you obey her, Jessie?"

"In a *minute*, as the angels do God," said Jessie, her eyes sparkling with the new light that was in them.

"Will you say the Lord's Prayer once more for mamma?"

Jessie, kneeling by her mother's side, said the words of Jesus in an earnest, thoughtful tone, as if she meant them.

"Now run for the pinafore, my child."

"Quickly, mamma," said Jessie, while her little nimble feet went lightly up the stairs; but how much better she would have felt if she had gone at first, and never said to her dear mamma, "I won't!"

Fanfan.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

Beneath a "spreading chestnut-tree," which the poet Longfellow has immortalized in song, "the village smithy stood," in Brattle Street, Cambridge; that city being then (1775) a village. The tree is still standing.

In front of the building, a man was shoeing a horse; while the master of the shop, a respectable-looking old man, well known and esteemed, stood by. Soon a gentlemanly stranger, on horseback, reined up, and made inquiry of the elder man. "Good-morning, sir: can you direct me to — Street?" At the same time, he seemed intently observing the performance of the horse-shoeing, and



remarked, "That is a thing I do not often see; for in my own State there is no need of shoes for a horse, on account of the mud."

"Ah!" replied the old man: "may I ask what State?" — "Virginia, sir," replied Washington; for he it was, and he was about to assume command of the American forces as commander-in-chief. In after-years, the honest smith loved to repeat this incident of the man, who became so illustrious, as showing his respectful address and manner to one so much beneath him in station; for respect for the aged was a trait which marked Washington from his earliest years. M. P. H.

For the Child at Home.

THE CONCEALED SPARK.

"Fire! fire!" was recently the startling cry around a human dwelling. But soon the noble firemen extinguished the flames of the burning roof, and all was quiet and seemed to be safe again.

The next day, the same alarm of fire was heard, and again the conflagration was subdued.

Then came the question, How happened it that the fire broke out the second time? Oh! a little spark was hidden away in the garret where the first was kindled, and suddenly fired the roof once more.

Sometimes we wonder why a young man or woman respected and loved is detected in crime, or disgraceful, ruinous vice. The fact is, good instruction and influences had apparently subdued the heart and formed a pure character, but the soul was unrenewed, after all: the precious blood of atonement had not cleansed it from secret sin. Impure habit, untruthfulness, or some other evil tendency, was hidden away from human view. God saw it; and soon the fire burst forth, laying the soul and body in ruins.

Look out for the sparks of sin. Your only safety is in the sincere prayer David offered: "Create in me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me."

P. C. H.

For the Child at Home.

NETTIE AND "VINE" AGAIN.

Nettie Randall found her little maid a great responsibility. She was more interesting than her wax doll, Miss Florence, which had formerly occupied so much of her time; for while the doll was



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For the Child at Home.

IN THE TREE-TOP.

"BEAUTIFUL birds!" said little Willie Nugent. "Please tell me about them, mother."

"That is the 'Baltimore oriole,' or 'hang-bird,' sitting upon the twig," said she. "He seems to be scolding the 'scarlet tanager,' that is approaching a little nearer his nest than is agreeable to him. I think there must be young orioles down deep out of our sight, and that the father is left to watch over the little brood while the mother takes her time in getting food; and he does not like an intruder about."

"Presently the wife will come flying home with a nice fat worm. She will alight upon a branch a

few steps off, and whistle to her mate to tell him that she has found a good morsel. He will answer her cheerily; and then she will hop upon the nest to fill the open mouths while her husband goes to try his fortune in the foraging line."

"That is a funny nest," said Willie.

"Yes; and it swings in the breeze like a rocking-cradle. The baby-birds must have a sweet lullaby in their deep, safe bed. No fear that they will tumble out."

"What a bright dress their father has! They must think it splendid!" exclaimed the child.

"If, like human babies, they are pleased with gay colors," said his mother. "This gold-laced coat the father wears only part of the year. When he molts, he dons a more somber suit for a while."

The mother and the young orioles have more modest attire, because they are comparatively helpless, and a gay dress would attract the enemy. See how God cares for the birds! and, if for them, how much more for us!"

"I like that red bird," said Willie. "I wish the oriole would not peck at him and drive him away."

"He's a fine-looking fellow, with his scarlet back and breast," said Mrs. Nugent. "His wings and tail are black, tipped with white; and he makes a grand show as he glides through the green leaves. He comes from the South in this gay costume to visit us about the first of May, when the orchards are sweet with blossoms, and the air is soft and balmy. He likes traveling very much, and goes sometimes as far as Canada in the warm season. You will see him now and then eating cherries in the orchard, or helping himself to the luscious strawberries from the patch; or, if he craves a meat-dinner, he snaps up the wasp and hornet and bumble-bee without ceremony. God has provided these things for him, just as he has given the animals to be food for man."

"The tanager goes into the woods for huckleberries, of which he is very fond; and he delights the dear children by his glowing presence and his song; for he can sing charmingly if he will, though he does sometimes give only a monotonous 'Chip chun' as he sits upon some high forest-tree."

"You listen, and think him far away, when he is really over your head. This power to make his voice sound at a distance God gives him to deceive the foe; because his scarlet coat would be a sure mark if his voice attracted to the spot where he alights."

"Is his nest like the oriole's?" asked Willie.

"No, my son: it is shallow and slight, made of broken flax and dried twigs."

"The female lays three eggs of a dull blue color, spotted with brown and purple; and when the young are hatched, and the summer wanes away, they all go, bag and baggage, to their Southern home again, — the old birds proud enough to show their new family. They are so glad to escape the ice and snow, and the cold, wintry storms, and to have an almost perpetual spring-time! and they soar away right joyfully."

"I wish I were a bird," said little Willie, laying his golden head upon his mother's knee, — "a beautiful bird, with wings to fly away up into the blue sky."

"God has given my little boy wings that may carry him higher than the pretty birds can fly," said the mother. "My Willie's prayers are the wings that can bear him up to the very throne of our Father in heaven."

"Shall he keep them folded, and be content to sit upon a low spray, where the Enemy, that old Serpent, may come to affright him? or will he spread them wide, and soar gladly upward, singing, —

"Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!"

Willie looked at the beautiful birds once more, and then said, with a happy, satisfied tone, "'Tis better to be a little boy, and say prayers to God; isn't it, mother?"

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

EVEN THE CAT SHOULD BE BETTER OFF BECAUSE YOU ARE A CHRISTIAN.

"O mother!" said that frisky little fellow, George Ray, skipping into the parlor, and flinging himself into his mother's lap, "how do you ever 'spose you're going to get me good? You've tried, and I've tried; and I don't grow no gooder."

"Well, George," replied Mrs. Ray, "you pounce upon me rather roughly, and you use bad grammar. What else have you done?"

"Oh, it's splendid fun!" said George.



"There! don't you hear Wolf barking?" And George threw himself back in a fit of laughter, which rolled him off upon the floor.

"Why, Georgie! what is it?" asked his mother again.

"Come and see. I've laughed till I'm tired," said George, picking himself up. "It's out in the apple-tree."

He drew his mother along to the dining-room window; and there she saw in the yard outside Mr. Morrill's dog Wolf worrying the family-cat, which had run up into the apple-tree to escape from him.

Puss was clinging to a crotch in the branches, her eyes green and glaring with fright, her back drawn up into a perfect bow, and her fur standing on end till she bristled like a hedge-hog. She certainly cut a very ludicrous figure. But Mrs. Ray could not laugh. It grieved her that George should not pity a poor creature, when he could see that she was suffering such agonies of terror.

"The poor, poor cat!" said she. "She has every reason to be afraid. If that fierce dog should get at her, he would tear her to pieces."

She opened the window, and tried to drive him away. Wolf did not stir: he knew she could not reach him. Then she took a whip from the entry; and, opening the door, she snapped it at him, and bade him go home. But Wolf was a bull-dog, and his angry blood was up. He faced about, and snapped and growled in return, as much as to say, "If you let me alone, I'll let you alone."

Mrs. Ray was afraid to go farther, and there was no man about the place. So there sat poor pussy in the tree all the long afternoon, never taking her eyes off her enemy; and there sat Wolf underneath, barking, snapping, and jumping at her, and sometimes trying to climb the tree.

At night, when Mr. Morrill came home, he was sent for. "How did Wolf ever get into your yard?" he asked. "I never allow him to come here."

"I showed pussy to him, and called him in," said George. "I thought it would be so funny to see him scare her; but I did not mean to have him stay."

Mr. Morrill bent his great black eyes upon George from under his bushy eyebrows till George retreated behind his mother.

"I sha'n't eat you up, sir," said Mr. Morrill grimly. "But Wolf will have your cat yet, you may be sure. Now that you have offered him one chance at her, he will find another." With these words he called off the dog, who obeyed his master's stern voice, and followed him home growling.

Sure enough, two mornings after, when Bridget unlocked the back door, puss was found dead upon the step. Wolf had caught her, and shaken her to death.

Now, puss had been an old and much-loved member of the family. As long as six years, George could remember puss had sat upon the door-step in summer, and purred before the fire in winter. His mother cried when she saw her lying dead, and George felt like a murderer. Though a careless little fellow, it sobered him to see that his thoughtless cruelty had caused poor pussy's death. He came to his mother, and said, "Please, m'm, I'd rather you'd shut me up in the window-closet."

"What good will it do, my child?"

"Perhaps it will make me remember."

"If you think so, I will try it," said Mrs. Ray. "A little child that is hard-hearted to poor dumb animals frightens me."

"I'm frightened at myself," replied George sorrowfully.

"What had we better do before we put you into the closet?" asked his mother.

"Prick me with a pin," said George firmly, but turning pale at the very idea.

"Oh, no, dear! I am glad if you are willing to suffer for your cruelty; but you can not make up for it so. The right thing is to ask God to forgive you."

"Think he will?" inquired George.

"If you are really sorry, and mean to do better," answered his mother. "After that, I will give you a Bible verse to print while you are alone in the closet. It is what a wise man said to the Lord, — 'With the merciful THOU wilt show thyself merciful.' Remember that, Georgie, and you will not dare to be unmerciful, lest God should not be merciful to you."

Genesee.

For the Child at Home.

GREATER THAN XERXES AND ALEXANDER.

BY UNA LOCKE.

I have read of Cyrus's canal, by which he took the great city of Babylon; of Xerxes' superbly decorated army marching grandly over the Hellespont on the "bridge of boats;" of the three hundred brave men who fought at the narrow Pass of Thermopylae the vast body of Persians, and persevered to fight till every one of the three hundred lay dead. I have read of the wonderful perseverance and ingenuity of Hannibal in his march over the mountains. These are all very grand, as men look at such matters. These kings and generals of old times persevered with great spirit and bravery in overcoming obstacle after obstacle lying in the way of success. They wished to make themselves masters of all the countries of any account on the earth; they wished to be highest among princes and warriors; they wished for a great name among the nations, and to be known in history to future gener-

ations. They had their wish. Their names and deeds have come down to us, and they will probably continue to go down in history to the last year of time.

But other men have lived in this world who have done far braver deeds than these. To dig canals and construct wonderful bridges, to fill valleys and level mountains, to fight like wild, mad beasts, all for some selfish desire for power, may be, in the eyes of men, more glorious than any thing else; but there is a book of record kept, a history of the lives of men, in which very different people from these old monarchs and men of war stand first. In this book, it will be found that it is esteemed grander to try to turn poor, miserable, wicked men from evil, than to overturn a vast kingdom. It will be found that there are those who have denied themselves ease and pleasure, and a great name for learning or art, just out of love to Christ and the precious souls for whom he has died; and that these men have done greater things than Xerxes or Alexander or Hannibal.

I would like to tell you about some of these persons who were beloved of Christ, but little regarded by the world. First I will tell you about a man born two hundred and sixty-three years ago in England. When he was a young man, he came to this country. I think it probable, if he had chosen to remain in England, and to join himself to the church most popular, he might have lived in luxury, and been esteemed as a wise, learned man there; but he came to this land when it was a wilderness, and chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God. You have heard of him as the "Apostle to the Indians." His name was John Eliot. He was preaching to the English people in Roxbury, Mass.; and the state of the poor dark Indian tribes about him touched his heart. So he began to preach to them. There were about twenty tribes in the region where he lived. They spoke nearly the same language; and he learned it, and published, first, the New Testament, then the whole Bible and other good books in their own tongue. This was a great labor; but it did not prevent him from preaching to them about the Lord of glory, who, for our sakes, became poor. The sachems and powwows were very angry with him. They thought they would lose power and influence if their people heard Eliot. They threatened him; but he was no more afraid of them than you boys would be of a striped snake, which might run out its forked tongue, and try to look fierce at you, without the least power in the world to harm you. Some nervous persons would run from a harmless little snake; so some would have been afraid of these red forest-men. But Eliot knew that God is our refuge and our strength; that all the evil spirits that ever existed could not touch a hair of the head of a servant of God without his permission. He was not even excited; he was calm as a granite rock; and he told the Indian chiefs that he was about the work of the great God; and his God was with him, so that he neither feared them nor all the sachems in the country; and he added quietly and firmly, "I will go on; and do you touch me if you dare."

He did go on, and he had an immense influence over these people. He was so benevolent and kind and fatherly that he used to "lift up his heart for a blessing on every person he met." He gave away a great part of his small salary to those in need; and once, when he had received the money due him, he went immediately to a poor, sick family, and told them he had come to help them a little. His money was tied in a handkerchief; and he proceeded to undo knot after knot, until he began to think it was as bad as Alexander's Gordian knot. You must know, the parish clerk had tied it up in this way just to prevent his distributing it to the needy on his way home. At last, the good man said to the mother of the family, "Here, my dear, take it; I

believe the Lord designs it all for you;" and so gave her the whole, handkerchief and money.

He established many missionary churches among the Indian tribes; and used to travel in tangled forest-roads, enduring every hardship, to look after these churches. He cared no more for ease and luxury than the old generals of ancient history. But their object was to aggrandize themselves, and they did not care at what expense of blood and treasure wrung from the common people: while Eliot labored to save his enemies, without any thought of good to himself; and the poorest and meanest was dear to him. He fought against principalities and powers of the kingdom of darkness; against the enemies of the souls of men. Was not this far grander than any thing Xerxes or Alexander ever did?

For the Child at Home.

NO ADMITTANCE.

BY MRS. HERBERT.

"No Admittance!" cried James, glancing up at the words which were placed at the entrance of the avenue. "Let's go in there to-morrow, Bob"

"What for?" replied Robert. "There are plenty of better places than that to go to. Why should we go where we're not wanted?"

"Oh! I don't know *why*," said James. "All I know is, that, whenever I see 'No Admittance' stuck up anywhere, it sets me into a fever to go; whether there is any thing to go for or not."

I heard the above fragment of a conversation between two boys on the street the other day; and I couldn't help fearing that a great many boys and girls, and older people too, feel a good deal like James. If a thing is forbidden, they long to do it for that very reason, and fret about it if they can not

Now, I presume even the young folks don't need to be told that this is a very bad spirit, and the one which brought "death into the world, and all our woe;" for I suppose Eve would never have felt any special desire for the fruit of that particular tree if it had not been forbidden. You know who tempted her to take it: and you may be sure Satan is always lurking about, ready to persuade you, as he did her, that "forbidden fruit is sweet;" but that is one of the most deceitful insinuations of the father of lies. The fruit of disobedience is very, very bitter. Beware of it!

For the Child at Home.

POOR LITTLE CASSEY.

Children who have always lived in pleasant homes, been watched over by kind parents, and had all their wants supplied, sometimes forget that there are many poor children in the world who have none of the comforts that make life so pleasant to them. I want to tell you about one of these little desolate ones.

One day, a lady who cares for such little outcasts met in the street a little girl without bonnet, shoes, or stockings; and her dress, the only garment she wore, hung in tatters about her. Suffering and want had driven the roses from her cheeks and the light from her eyes. Her poor, pinched face had lost the sweet child-look that ought to have rested there. The lady approached her, and asked about her home and her parents; and the little girl answered in a tone so sad, that it made the kind lady's heart ache. To the question, "Are you a happy little girl?" she answered, "No, ma'am: I ain't never been happy in my life." Poor little Cassey!

The lady asked her if she would like to go to school; and she seemed pleased. The next morning, she was at the school bright and early. She had sewed up her tattered dress, and tried to smooth out her tangled hair. The teacher met her kindly, and Cassey behaved quite well. The children did not make fun of her; but each tried to treat her kindly, because their teacher told them that such conduct would please the dear Saviour. When Cassey heard the story of Jesus, how he lived on earth, and died on the cross, because he loved sinners and wanted to save them, her eyes filled with tears.

When Cassey had been a short time in the school, the lady who met her first on the street called at Cassey's home; and then she found why the little girl's life had been so full of sorrow. Her parents loved rum, and spent all their earnings in strong drink, leaving their little ones to suffer from hunger, cold, and nakedness. Rum made them cross and unkind to the dear children God gave them to love and protect.

When you feel that it is hard because you can not have all the nice things you want, think of the little destitute one who had never been happy in all her life; and then I am sure you will thank God, who has given you such kind parents and so pleasant a home.

N. H. H.



For the Child at Home.

A SKEPTIC.

"Father, what is a skeptic? I heard the minister talk about skeptics as if they were wicked people."

"They are wicked, my daughter, because they doubt the truth of the Bible; and some of them doubt the existence of God. We never should be doubters if our hearts were not evil. 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.' Let me tell you how a skeptic was once put to shame by the falling of an acorn. He was resting himself under an oak; and as he looked up, and saw the little acorns on so large a tree, he thought it could not be that the world was made by a wise God. 'For,' said he to himself, 'there, in my garden, is that large, round pumpkin; and its stalk is so slender that it can not lift it from the ground. Why does not this great oak bear pumpkins, and the tiny acorns grow on the vine?' Just then, an acorn fell from a branch overhead, and struck him in the eye. 'Ah!' said he, as he smarted with the pain, 'now I understand better. What would have become of me if this tree had borne pumpkins instead of acorns?'"

For the Child at Home.

NELLIE'S DREAM.

Raindrops pattered on the casement,
Close by Nellie sleeping:
In her restless dreams she fancied
Angels softly weeping
O'er her cruel words that day
To her little sister May.

Nellie held her breath in wonder;
Deepest awe came o'er her:
Who was this within her chamber,
Pausing just before her?
"God hath sent me, Nellie Ray,
For your little sister May."

Nellie's heart was filled with anguish;
Fast the teardrops fell:
"Spare her, blessed angel, spare her!"
Prayed poor little Nell:
"I'll be loving all the day,
Only spare our darling May."

Nellie woke in fear and trembling;
May lay sweetly sleeping:
"Father, oh! forgive, and help me,"
Plead the sister, weeping;
"Help me to be kind each day
To my precious sister May."

Brothers, sisters, who can tell us
What may be to-morrow?
Unkind words and acts may bring you
Hours of untold sorrow:
God may soon his angel send
For your dearest earthly friend.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

"THEN I CAN SING, CAN'T I?"

Grace and Bessie were on their way with me to a concert,—the cantata of the Flower Queen.

Grace, who had a correct musical ear, and fine, clear voice, was to take part in the concert; while Bessie, who never sung, was to sit with me among the audience.

The concert proved good. The music was fine; and the mimic wood seemed perfect, as, among its trees, girl-flowers in white walked in and out in tuneful strife.

Bessie sat by my side through it all without comment. I did not even know whether she liked it, until Grace came forward in the character of Lily, and, with a manner worthy of her name, sang her charming solo.

"Grace is very lovely to-night," I said; "don't you think so, Bessie? and did you ever hear her sing more sweetly?"

"Oh, yes, yes! it is all beautiful," she answered in an absent way, and without taking her eyes from the singers.

I looked at her attentively for a moment, wondering if any thing ailed my little escort that she said so little. Then, remembering that I had heard her mother say, that, whenever Bessie was happiest, she was stillest, I concluded it must be she was perfectly happy now, and thought no more of it.

That night, after I had retired to my room, and supposed that all in the house slept, I heard a light footstep near my door, and presently a little figure stole into my room.

"Bessie, is it you?"—"Yes;" and the small hands were in mine. "O Aunt Cordie!" she burst out, "but isn't it beautiful to know how to sing, and to stand up there in white as they did, and have flowers in their hair? It would make every body love us, wouldn't it? and it is beautiful to be loved, you know. Why do you suppose God did not give me a good voice, so that I could sing? Oh, how I do want to be dressed in white, and sing!"

"Bessie," said I as I took the dear child in my arms, "do you recollect our lesson for last Sabbath?"



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OUT IN THE STORM.

JENNY and little BEL were on their way home from Mrs. Gay's, where they had had what they called "a splendid time." They enjoyed themselves so much, that they did not think to look up at the sky and see the dark thunder-cloud rising in the west. It was a pretty long walk for little folks to take in a hurry. But the good old lady brought out her broad umbrella, and gave it to Jenny, and, with a warm good-by kiss, said, "Hurry on, now: you won't get home much too soon."

Sure enough, they had hardly shut the gate when they heard a low, distant rumbling; and by and by a fresh breeze set in, and brought the great black masses of clouds rapidly overhead; while the thunder

grew louder and louder, and now and then a vivid flash of lightning startled them.

And now you think I am going to tell you how they cried and screamed and ran. No: they did no such thing. There was no house in sight, and they could not reach home before the rain by running ever so hard. So, when the great drops began to come fast, Jenny opened her umbrella, and found a nice snug shelter under the tall bushes; and there they sat quietly, while the rain poured, and the lightnings flashed, and the thunder crashed and rolled.

"Isn't it awful?" said Bel.

"Yes," said Jennie: "it's awful. But you needn't be afraid. God makes the thunder-storms. He'll take care of us."

"I ain't afraid much too much," said the little one, who was trying with all her might to trust her heavenly Father.

They got home safely at last; and I think they did well. They were not frightened; but they were serious: and I think a thunder-storm ought to make us serious. I don't like to hear children say they don't care any thing about a thunder-storm. It makes us feel the presence and power of God, and that our lives are in his hand. The Bible sometimes calls thunder the "voice of the Lord." You will find a very grand description of a thunder-storm in the twenty-ninth Psalm. These are some of the verses:—

"The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters.

"The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.—

"He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

"The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire."

In the Book of Job we read, "He made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder."

For the Child at Home.

"THE VERY HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE ALL NUMBERED."

"When I was a very little boy," said an aged minister, "my father used to send me for the cows. They were kept in a pasture some distance from home; and, as I was a timid child, I always ran as fast as I could, that I might get back before dark. One day, on reaching the pasture, no cows were to be seen. I hurried on to the next field, calling, and looking on both sides of the road. Not finding them, I kept on, until, finding myself a long distance from home, alone, and darkness coming on, I sat down on a flat stone by the road-side, and cried heartily. Suddenly the thought came, 'God knows just where those cows are: he can send them to me in a minute. It will be much better to pray than to weep.' And, kneeling down on the stone, I asked the Lord earnestly to show me where they were. As I rose, with a lighter heart, I heard the lowing of cattle, and, looking round, saw the whole herd in the opposite field.

"I never forgot that lesson. Seventy-five years have passed since then; but the stone is still there: and I never pass it, on my way to my old home, without recalling that night, and thanking God for teaching me, from a child, to seek his help in *little things* as well as in great.

"When I had a difficult lesson to learn, I asked his help, and it was made easy. When tempted to sin, I sought strength from above. Through life, I have been most wonderfully cared for. Fear not, therefore, my children: 'the very hairs of your head are all numbered.'"

W. C. E.

For the Child at Home.

THE LILY, THE VIOLET, AND THE ROSE.

Purity, Humility, and Love,—these were the beautiful graces that three little girls represented the other evening in tableaux.



The Lily was a fair child, with light, flowing hair; and she wore a white dress, and held in one hand the sweet flower which she personated.

The Violet was dressed in

blue, and had a bunch of the pretty blossoms on her breast; while she knelt, and, with bowed head, looked at some that were in her hand.

The Rose, in pink, with her cheeks as blooming as

the bud she held, was a dearer flower than ever grew upon bush or stem.

I am wondering if my Lily will be always pure and white and innocent; and if my Violet will be gentle and humble and meek; and if my Rose will be full of love toward all who come near her, shedding out a sweeter influence than the perfume of the flower that gives such joy. There is one way to make sure of these beautiful graces; and that is, to ask God to put his Holy Spirit into their hearts, and to wash them in the precious blood of his dear Son; and then there is no fear that they will lose their innocence and humility and love.

Fanfan.

BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

No. IV.

"I will tell you now of a 'shining light' who was born in Antioch about the year 346. His father died while he was very young; but his mother devoted her life to his education. She was so wise in the management of him, that his Pagan teacher once exclaimed with reference to her, 'What women these Christians have!'

"Before he was twenty he became convinced of the truth of Christianity, and embraced it with great earnestness.

"After the death of his mother, while yet a young man, he lived for six years the lonely life of a hermit. Two of these six years were spent in a cave; where his health suffered so much, that he was obliged to return to the city."

"Was there any good," asked Edith, "in living alone and in a cave?"

"No; but many of the early Christians seemed to

think God was pleased with them on account of what they suffered. Some roamed about in desert places, wore rough clothing, and even ate hay and grass,—treating their bodies with a sort of contempt. But, all this time, the only thing about them that pleased God was their faith in him, and their love for his Son. They might have pleased him just as well by staying quietly at home, and, instead of destroying, taking care of their bodies, which were temples of the Holy Ghost.

"After the young man returned to Antioch, he became noted as an earnest teacher and preacher; and then received the name Chrysostom, which means 'golden-mouthed.' He was made Bishop of Constantinople when about fifty years of age. He not only preached himself, but taught and sent out missionaries to other countries.

"He lived in a plain manner, giving to the poor, and founding hospitals instead of seeking riches for himself. He wrote commentaries on many of the books of Scripture. He was bold in rebuking sin. All about him were pagan temples, with their gods of silver and gold, worshiped not only by the poor and ignorant, but by the wealthy land-owner, by statesmen and emperors.

A great part of his life was under the reign of the pagan Emperor Julian, who worshiped in pagan temples, and obliged as many as he could, by threats and cunning devices, to bow down to

the false gods. During the later years of his life, under the Emperor Theodosius, who favored the Christians, many of these pagan temples and gods were destroyed.

"This great and good man incurred the anger of the Empress Eudoxia by speaking against her silver statue and the games used in its honor. He was falsely accused through her agency, and sent in disgrace from the city. He never saw again his beloved Constantinople, but died from cruel treatment at the age of sixty.

"I wish to read you one extract from a letter he wrote while in exile, which gives us a glimpse of his beautiful spirit and faith,—one of the many bright rays from this beautiful light:—

"He says in a letter to a friend, 'When driven from the city, I cared nothing for it: but I said to myself, 'If the empress wishes to banish me, let her banish me; 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' If she would saw me in sunder, let her saw me in sunder: I have Isaiah for a pattern. If she would plunge me in the sea, I remember Jonah. If she would thrust me into the fiery furnace, I see the three children enduring that. If she would cast me to the wild beasts, I call to mind Daniel in the den of lions. If she would stone me, I have before me Stephen, the proto-martyr. If she would take my head from me, let her take it: I have John the Baptist. If she would deprive me of my worldly goods, let her do it: naked came I from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return.' An apostle has told me, 'God respecteth no man's person;' and, if I pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ. And David clothes me with armor, saying, 'I will speak of Thy testimony before kings, and will not be ashamed.'"

"What an array of lights he put together!" said Edith.

"Yes; and how his own soul was kindled into a glowing flame by their example! It was the perfect triumph of faith."

J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

THE LAST TIME.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Black-eyed Sarah and black-eyed Susan sat upon the bright Persian carpet in Mrs. Weaver's room, working book-marks,—Sarah's saying in beads, "I

love thee still;" and Susan's gay with a blue house, shaded by a red tree with black apples on it.

They had exchanged aprons and hair-ribbons; and side by side they sat, happy and loving as two little kittens.

But, by and by, a storm flashed out of the clear sky.

"Whom do you think most of, of any girl in this house?" asked Sarah.

The house was a large hotel; and it was full of children as a honeycomb of bees.

"You, a great deal," replied Susan, as she was expected to do.

"Do you now, truly?"

"Yes, truly. Of course I do; you know I do. Which do you like the best, me or Charley Brown?" returned Susan.

Sarah blushed and hesitated a little; for Charley Brown had just given her a tissue paper lantern, and he was the very boy she began the book-mark for: while, on the other hand, she fancied she ought to be polite to Susan. So, after a minute, she said slowly, "I like you best of any girl in this house; and, of course, I don't like boys as well as I do girls."

But that did not satisfy black-eyed Susan.

"Oh! you might just as well say right out you like Charley the best. You mean it; you know you do. You used to pretend, before he came, you liked me; but it was all make-believe, I see. Now, I shan't give you this book-mark," said she, as ready to take offense as sparks are to fly up chimney.

"I wonder who you think cares for your old book-mark. I can work as many as I want, myself, I hope," returned black-eyed Sarah, picking up her spools and threads from the carpet, and marching off to her mother's room.

"Sarah Southern is as hateful as she can be: I just never will speak to her again," muttered Susan, picking up her work, and starting for her mother's room.

But in half an hour more the girls were back loving as ever; having quite forgotten their sudden quarrel, which was made up again quite as suddenly as the sun goes out and in, out and in, on some showery summer-day.

"O girls!" said Mrs. Weaver, when they were settled down upon the carpet once more, "I had such a funny little adventure coming over from Ontario the other day with Eglantine! We took a basket of lunch when we went; and then we stopped at an eating-room on the other side of the river, and bought some cake and sardines; and, after we had walked as much as a mile along the shore, we sat on a log, and ate our dinner,—what the wind didn't blow away. Then we picked up shells from the beach, and gathered moss and wild flowers till it was time to come home. So we came along the railroad-track to the wharf; and then we saw the boat just ready to leave. We ran a few steps: but we were one half-minute too late; for the plank went up, and the boat started, as we reached the landing. The sailors saw us, and beckoned us to come to a spot farther up. Then one man put his arm round a beam, and held his other hand to me; and, as the stern of the boat swung round, I took his hand, which felt strong as an iron hand, and jumped on. But, when I looked back for Eglantine, she shook her head. It was too late for her to come on board, and too late for me to go back on shore; and instantly we were as much divided as though we had been on opposite sides of the world, every moment going farther and farther apart; till, finally, I could not even see her,—only the distant shore where I knew she waited. She came over on the next boat: so we were not separated long. But sometimes people are carried apart from each other just as suddenly and unexpectedly, when they never meet again.

"There are so many changes in this world, and it

is so uncertain when we or our friends shall leave it,—perhaps this very day; we do not know,—that I always want to say just those things that I shall be glad I said if they happen to be the last ones. It would be dreadful to have a cross word, or any unkindness, to carry in one's memory all one's life, as the last thing we said or did to some friend."

Black-eyed Sarah and black-eyed Susan were very still and thoughtful for a while after Mrs. Weaver's story was ended; and then Sarah said,—

"I shall never get mad and go home again."

"Neither shall I," replied Susan. And they never did.

For the Child at Home.

SWEET LORD JESUS.

O sweet Lord Jesus! hear me speak:
I am a little child;
And yet, dear Jesus, I may seek
Christ, who on children smiled.

I wish to speak my daily prayer,
And ask thy blessing now,
And gain of thy dear love some share:
Oh! hear my simple vow.

I'll ever love thy precious name;
God's holy laws I'll keep;
I will do naught to merit blame:
Oh! bless me when I sleep.

JAN. 11, 1868.

For the Child at Home.

KEEPING AND GIVING.

"O Ella!" exclaimed Kate Mason as she overtook her on the way home from school, "do look at my new magazine! Isn't it nice?"

"I should think it was," replied Ella. "Are you going to take it?"

"To be sure. Brother John gave me the money to pay for it. He said I was old enough to have some thing more than 'The Child at Home;' but I shall not give up those pretty papers. I have all the numbers since the first issue; and they make such a nice volume!"

"I should think they would," said Ella. "Mine became so worn, that they could not be bound. I read each copy to Anna, and tell Freddy about the pictures as soon as possible. Then I carry it to Mrs. O'Neil's. Jamie cannot walk a step, you know, and must be so dull

without any thing nice to look at. He is so glad to read the papers and the books lent him! and he is very careful of them. Maggie Stokes has it next, and the children in next tenement, until it is pretty well worn."

"It must be quite spoiled by that time," said Kate.

"Mamma says that they will prize them more, and be more careful of them, if they return them. Of course, I don't expect to keep them: but Anna cuts out the pictures, and some of the hymns and short stories, that are left whole; and, when it is stormy, we have nice times pasting them in pamphlets; then, when they are dry, we color the pictures. They make real nice picture-books, and look pretty too. Anna and Freddy give them away to those who have no reading. It is such fun for us to color the pictures! Mamma says it keeps little hands out of mischief; for Freddy must always be busy at something."

"But I should not like to associate with such low children, and I had no idea you did," Ella," said Kate.

"Why, Kate! did not the Saviour go about doing good? Maggie Stokes goes to our Sabbath school now, and you know she behaves well. Mamma is quite particular, to be sure; but she wishes me to do

all I can. Don't you care for those who don't know about Jesus?"

"Yes, I give when there is a collection to send them books and missionaries," replied Kate.

"But these children are close by us," said Ella; "and no missionaries are needed for them, mamma says, if all do their duty. How shall they know better than to pray to saints and images, unless some one teaches them? They have no Bibles, or books to learn from. Jamie O'Neil used to pray to a picture of the Virgin Mary when mamma first called there. I used to go with mamma to carry things they needed; and she told Mrs. O'Neil, when they thanked us, that she was only doing as her Bible told her. I wish you could have seen Jamie when mamma read to him about the Saviour's healing the centurion's servant, and explained to him how that Christ was still ready to bless and help all who applied to him. O Kate! I wish you would give some of your papers to those who have none."

"But I want to keep them," said Kate. "I do give my outgrown clothes, and mamma gives food when any one comes along begging."

"Yes, I know," said Ella; "and I am sure you are often thoughtful in saving up pennies to give, instead of buying candy as some would do: but you see little books and papers can be lent to those who are above begging, and who feel it a kindness when any one is interested in the happiness and improvement of their children. Mamma tells me that is why she wishes me to help, so that as many as possible can be won to read the Bible, and trust in the blood of Christ alone for the pardon of sin." F.



For the Child at Home.

"GLORIOUS TO DIE FOR ONE'S COUNTRY."

"Father," said Thomas, "please tell us a Fourth-of-July story."

"Yes," chimed in all the rest; "tell us a real army story."

So father couldn't resist the pleading very well, especially as his own thoughts were busy just then over the recollection of one of his dear army friends: for it was almost Independence Day, and he was laying some very nice plans for the enjoyment of his children; and he couldn't help thinking about his country, and those who had died for it.

"I will tell you," he began, "of one who was killed at the battle of Antietam. He was an officer of a Massachusetts regiment. Almost all day, he had been in the thickest of the fight: and it seemed as if it were impossible for him to be hit by bullets; for they were flying around him all the while. I wish you could have seen him when his regiment had captured a flag from the enemy. He seized it, and, waving it proudly in the air, galloped fearlessly up and down the lines, while his men cheered him most heartily.

"But it was not God's will that he should escape. Later in the day, when he thought himself in a safe

position, a random shot struck him, that caused his death. As he lay near to death, the band of the regiment happened to pass by, and he called out to them to play 'The Star-spangled Banner;' which they did with a right good will.

"How did the battle turn out?" he asked.

"We won the victory," they replied.

"Oh, it is glorious," he exclaimed, "to die for one's country at such a time as this!"

"His last words were, 'Tell my mother I love her. Tell her I feel I have a God and Father in heaven. Tell her I trust fully in my Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"So you see he was a Christian as well as a patriot. I shall always think of him as often as the Fourth of July comes round; and I want you should love your country better for knowing how many of such precious lives have been given for it. A great price has been paid for our dear land. Our independence was gained by the lives of Revolutionary heroes; but a still costlier offering has been paid for our deliverance from rebellion and slavery."

They thought it was a sad story for father to tell them: but it made them feel that Independence Day meant a good deal more than drums and fireworks; and I think it did them good, and that they were more thankful to God for their country.

Lisp.

For the Child at Home.

CHARLIE'S ACCIDENT.

Lenny and Charlie were playing out in the barn one bright summer's day. Presently Lenny, who was a little city boy, and didn't know much about barns and such matters, said, "Charlie, what is that big wooden thing in the corner? This I mean." And he ran and laid his hand on it.

"That? don't you know what that is? O Lenny! you don't know much, do you? That's the machine,"—and Charlie made a great swallow of the big word,— "that's the machine to cut up the straw and hay for the horses to eat."

"Do they have to have their dinner cut up like babies?" said Lenny. "I should think their great big teeth could bite it."

"Oh, well!" said Charlie, a little puzzled to explain, "they get tired chewing; I suppose anyhow, Jem always cuts it up for 'em. Shall I show you how he does it?"

"Aren't you afraid?" said Lenny. "Is there a big knife inside? Will your papa let you?"

"Well," said Charlie, hesitating a little, "my papa did tell me once I must never touch it; but that was last summer, I guess, when I was a little boy. I'm a big boy now; I'm in my seven years old: and I've seen Jem do it ever so many times. I guess my papa wouldn't mind now."

Charlie did not feel very sure of this, and neither did Lenny; but Lenny did not say any more, for he wanted very much to see how the hay was cut, and Charlie wanted very much to show him how well he could do it. So the two little boys went up to the machine; and Charlie took a wisp of hay and placed it as he had seen Jem do it, and then began to turn the crank.

Down came the sharp, bright knives, cutting the hay quickly into nice mouthfuls; and Lenny looked on eagerly, and Charlie said triumphantly, "Aha! I told you I could do it as well as Jem. Give us some more hay there, Len! See! doesn't it go nice? How would you like to have your dinner cut up with a machine? Put some more in,—there!" And then, all of a sudden, there was a wild scream of agony: the little hand had pushed in too far, down came the quick, sharp knives, like lightning:



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THE BEAUTIFUL SEA.

On the deep, deep, beautiful sea, with its white-crested waves casting pretty shells and bits of coral upon the smooth beach! No wonder the little children love to go to ocean-side, and fill their baskets with treasures. They make footprints in the hard, moist sand, and watch the rolling billows as they efface them. They take off shoes and stockings, and venture just so far that the waves can gently kiss their tiny feet. Now and then, mothers and fathers accompany them, equipped for a "dip." Then the children, trustful of the strong, loving arm that encircles them, and sure that they will be quite safe under such protection, step boldly and fearlessly into the water, and let the surf sweep over their heads. When they have gambled long enough with the

waves, they put on dry clothes, and sit watching other bathers, or looking dreamily upon the broad expanse; and wondering where the white sails are going. They muse upon the unknown beyond that lies afar over the deep waters. The fathers and mothers, some of them, have sailor-boys at sea; and it makes them loving toward all who are on ship-board. These have tears in their eyes as they look, and their hearts are upon their lips. "God bless them, and bring them safely to the haven where they would be, with a grateful sense of his mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord!" they say.

There is a great ocean that lies between us and our peaceful, beautiful haven.

We are on the hither shore,—some of us, little innocent children, picking up pretty shells; others,

grown men and women, watching over the little ones, and thinking of the dear sailors already embarked, and of the hour when the white-winged ship shall come to summon ourselves and others upon the deep.

It may be that we shall go down with bare feet into the surging waters; but, if God's strong arm encircle us, the waves can not make us afraid. Oh! it is sweet to confide in his mighty power, though the waters rage and swell around us, and threaten to destroy us.

Are we all conscious that our home is not this side the great ocean? Are we looking earnestly for the bark that shall take us across the sea? Have we secured the divine Pilot, who alone can insure us a safe voyage, and peace and joy and eternal blessedness at the end?

The sailor that is trained for the sea from his early childhood has no fear of the fathomless deep. He makes the rolling billows his playful companions. He sits serene when the storm comes to stir up the depths, and toss his ship like a ball. In his rudder and chart and compass he trusts; more than all, in Him who guides the helm.

And we can be trained for the other great ocean from our infancy. Blessed are those little children who are early taken to the shore, and taught to look across, and to long for the white-winged messenger and the beautiful haven!

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

OUR MOTHER.

Our mother!—with the heavenly light,
The crown of perfect peace,
Whose fountain of unselfish love
With time shall never cease!—

Our mother!—she whose gentle hand
Firm, steady guidance gave:
Still may the influence of thy love
From sore temptation save!

And as the years on years advance,
Our joy and wish 'twill be
To bear thy burdens, soothe thy griefs,
And live for loving thee.

E. M. G.

For the Child at Home.

ABOUT THE "BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS."

I sometimes think myself a child again when my little boys sit by me, and I read to them, or they to me, the stories in "The Child at Home;" and I thank God that there are so many Christian men and women in this land whose warm hearts go out toward little children, and who write for them so well.

Those "Beautiful Lights" we enjoy very much. We have more than once looked upon the grave of Polycarp, that "noble Christian martyr;" and, should any of you ever enjoy the privilege of going as missionaries to that land where he lived, you can enjoy, as one of the many "rewards in this life," a look

at that grave, and the tall green cypress-trees which stand about it.

We love to go about thinking of the many beautiful lights whom we know, now living, working for Christ in that same land; enduring persecution for righteousness' sake, — godly men and women, ay, and children too, who are ready to die rather than give up their Bibles. E. H. W.



For the Child at Home.

ROBIN'S SONG.

"Che-ring, che-rung!" blithe robin sung
One summer-morning early:
"My birdies three, in yonder tree,
Are wide awake and full of glee,
And sipping dewdrops pearly."

"Che-ring, che-ro! I do not know
How little folks can slumber,
When such a view, so grand and new,
Is spread beneath God's arch of blue,
With beauties none can number."

"Che-ring, che-ra! Ah! little May,
The hour is swiftly fleeting:
The rosy dawn of this bright morn,
With all its splendors newly born,
Deserves your gayest greeting."

"Che-ring, che-re! Here glad and free
Our matins we are trilling;
While much I fear you do not hear
Our chorus loud and grand, my dear,
The air with music filling."

"What's that you say?" said little May,
Upspringing from her pillow.
"Ah! maiden kind, please bear in mind,
The early bird the worm shall find,"
Was echoed from the willow."

"Che-ring, che-rung!" wise robin sung
That rosy summer-morning.
"Life's day is short; and we are taught
That early hours with good are fraught:
Farewell, and heed my warning!"

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

THE TWO CHILDREN.

AN ALLEGORY.

In a country ruled over by a very good and great king lived two poor children, — both so poor, that they had nothing worth having which they could call their own. The king took care of them: he clothed them, fed them, and lent them many things to make them comfortable. Yet, strange to say, the children did not love their friend, and seldom, if ever, tried to please him. They both expected, at some future time, to leave that country, and go to another, where the things lent them by the king would be of no further use. The king, therefore, who knew on what day they were to leave, and who did not wish them to live in that other land in suffering and want, sent them the following message:—

"I love you, children, though you do not love me; and I have lent you the good things you have received, not because you deserved them, but because it pleased me to do so. You will soon go to another place, where you will need other things much more valuable and necessary than any you have yet received. These are worth so much, that only one person has been able to purchase them: that person is my son, who obtained them at an immense cost. They are sufficient to satisfy every

want; and as you are both too poor to buy them, and too disobedient and unthankful to deserve them, my son is willing I should give them to you for nothing. You may have them now to enjoy while you remain where you are; and, when you go to that other country, you will find in them all you need to make you happy."

After hearing the king's message, one of the children said, looking at the choice gifts offered her, which had been sent also, —

"These things are just what I need. I want them all; but I do not believe the king is willing to give them to me until I do something to deserve them, or earn money enough to buy them. I will therefore send word to the king to retain them until I am able to purchase them, which I hope to do before I leave this place." So she refused to receive the king's gifts; and one day, before she had been able to earn even one of them, she was sent to that other country, where she always lived in the greatest misery and want.

The other child received the message and the gifts with thankfulness and joy, saying, —

"I thank the king and his son: they must love me very much to send me these. I ought to love them, and seek to please them. I will try to do so; and I will send word to them to let me know what they would have me to do, — not to earn my presents, but to show my gratitude for them."

When the king and his son heard the request of the little girl, they sent her a long, long letter (part of which she read every day), telling her what she could do to please them, and promising her that she should never want any good thing.

Dear children, which of these two little girls do you resemble? You all live in this world, which belongs to God. He is your King. You are poor. Every good thing you enjoy comes from him. You deserve nothing; for none of you have loved and obeyed him as you ought. You can not always live here: you must all die, and go to another place. Then friends, clothes, money, all that you now have, must be left behind. God loves you; he wants you to be happy for ever: so he offers you forgiveness of sins, salvation from sin and sorrow, eternal life, and joys too great to be imagined. These he offers to give you, — not because you deserve them, but because Jesus has purchased them with his blood. If you take these precious gifts, which God freely offers you, they are yours, to enjoy now and ever. Receive them gladly; and then, loving Him who has first loved you, try to please him; ask him every day to teach you how; and every day also read the Bible, God's letter to you, that you may learn from it what he would have you to do. Then, like the little girl last spoken of, you also shall never want any good thing. E. S. C.

For the Child at Home.

"A HEAP OF GOLD."

Little Milly came in from the meadow with her apron full of bright yellow dandelions.

"I've got such a heap of gold!" said she to her mother. "I picked it up from among the green grass. Isn't it beautiful?"

Her mother was delighted at the name she gave her treasure. "So much better," thought she, "than the miser's wealth, that often costs both soul and body to gain."

Would you like to know something of this precious flower that makes the spring-time glad and golden?

This country is not its birthplace; but it takes kindly to the soil, and seems to us now quite like a native.

It was brought to us from Europe. If you examine the leaves, you will find the edges jagged; and from this is derived the name *Dent de lion*, — the French for "lion's tooth." Our English word "dan-

delion" is a corruption of this. You see it is nearly the same. It is pleasant to know the meaning and origin of all the words we use. Do you not think so? Break off a stem of this pretty flower: notice how hollow it is; and a milky juice oozes from the edges. This juice is said to cure warts. I don't know how true it is. If you have any, you can try it. I think I never saw any thing richer than this dandelion-blossom. It is dearer to me than many a hot-house flower. God is too good to us. He scatters such blessings everywhere. My heart is not large enough to hold the gratitude due to him; and yet, small and poor as it is, he graciously extends his hand, and says, "Give me thine heart." He says it to you too. It pleases him to see us grateful for this "heap of gold" that little Milly holds in her apron. Poor women go into the meadows, and along the country roadsides, with knives and baskets, and cut the leaves, and bring them to market for greens. They make a good vegetable. These women turn them into miser's gold, and buy things to carry home to their children. Perhaps our kind heavenly Father thought how they would help the needy when he sprinkled them so thickly over the earth: he remembers all our necessities. The roots are roasted, and ground for coffee. Many people like it very much. But the part that you and I care most for is the large yellow flower, that will by and by turn to a tufted, downy ball, that we shall often blow, and "try our luck" with. There is a seed at the end of each tuft; and the wind takes it, and wafts it here and there, and sets it down in a barren spot, that it may grow and bloom, and make the place beautiful.

The Latin name by which the botanists call the dandelion is *Leontodon taraxacum*. This is Latin, and the first word has the same meaning as the French spoken of above.

Some call the flower "Love's Oracle," and make it tell them whether an absent friend loves them still. This is done by the tufted ball. I dare say you boys and girls have often tried it. They used to tell us, "You pluck one of these spheres, and, turning toward the point where your friend dwells, you blow softly with your warm breath; and every little winged traveler carries a tender message to the beloved object. If you wish to know whether the dear one thinks of you, blow again; and, if one



tuft remains, it is a sign that you are not forgotten." So we played when we were children; and all children have pretty much the same sports.

I am glad to see young people merry and bright

when they are out with Nature; but the very best thing is to have our hearts so touched by the beautiful works of creation, that we hold the leaves and blossoms lovingly in our hands, and look thoughtfully upon them, and from them with thanksgiving up to our Father in heaven.

A friend has just brought me a "heap of gold" from the garden-plot. I am like a child in my glee as I touch it. I wish I had my apron full! I thank my Father for these great riches.

Fanfan.

"TIME ENOUGH."

"Fred, you must clean your boots before you go to school," said Mrs. Lawrence to her son.

"I know it, mother; but it's time enough," replied Fred, who sat reading a story-book.

Presently the lady spoke again. "Fred, have you looked over your grammar-lesson this morning? It is too difficult to learn in a hurry."

"Well, I almost learnt it last night: it's time enough: I want to finish this chapter," answered Fred.

"Oh, my son!" said Mrs. Lawrence, "I wish you would overcome that habit of putting off necessary duties."

Fred closed the story-book reluctantly, and took his grammar, wishing that his mother would not "bother him so; he *knew* he had time enough."

Presently Mrs. Lawrence left the room, feeling very much troubled about Fred's bad habit, and wishing that he could be induced to break it off before he became a man. Knowing that God only could give him the strength and disposition to do so, she went to her own room, and, kneeling down, prayed to this effect.

That day, a gentleman visited the school; and, after listening with apparent pleasure to various exercises by the scholars, the principal requested him to talk to the boys a little while. He did so, and interested them very much by relating some anecdotes of his own school-life. One of these incidents was the means, by God's blessing, of curing Fred's habit. It seemed to Fred that the gentleman must have known what his bad habit was, or he could not have said any thing so suited to his case. The gentleman said, that one day he was stopped in the street by a very shabby-looking man, who, after calling him by name, and asking if he did not remember Henry Brown, begged him to lend him some money.

"I remember Henry Brown very well," replied the gentleman. "Can it be possible you are he, wishing to borrow five dollars?"

"Yes, I am," answered the man in a despairing, sorrowful tone.

"What has brought you to this condition? Your prospects on leaving school were as bright as mine."

"Time enough has brought me here," replied he. "I was always putting off necessary business by saying *that*. Now I am old, the habit is fixed, and I can not break myself of it. If you do not lend me five dollars, I shall have to go to the poor-house, or starve."

"Boys," continued the gentleman, "*time enough* ruined that man's life. Take care that it does not ruin yours."

H. L. H.

LITTLE JIM.

On a bright sunny morning in May, "Little Jim," a lad of twelve years, was standing in the door of his mother's room, looking out upon the beautiful Hudson, and wondering what he should do, and where he should go, to enjoy himself that day. It was the Sabbath. Nine o'clock. The inviting music of the Sunday-school bell awakened no response in his heart.

He did not love the Sabbath school. He was

never in one. He was thinking only of pleasure. "I'll go fishing," said he; and, after getting his small rod and line, he started for "The Slip." "The Fish-Slip," as it was called, was a series of steps made in the wharf, where the fishermen during the week brought little boat-loads of shad and herring, and sold them to the citizens of W—.

Down to this slip, which was a short distance from his mother's house, came "Little Jim," little dreaming of the experience and warning that awaited him. The crowd of buyers and sellers that made the place lively, earlier in the morning had gone. The boats, relieved of their burdens, were fastened to the steps with long chains to allow them to rise and fall with the tide. Out at the farther end of one of these boats "Jim" was standing, with rod in hand, a hook baited with a fly in the water, anxiously waiting for a bite. Just at that moment, a very vicious boy who lived in that neighborhood came to the top of the steps, and, seeing "Jim's" back turned, resolved to play a trick on him. So, stealing quietly down the steps, he softly placed his foot on the end of the boat, and gave it a gentle push. The boat floated out until it reached the full



length of the chain, when it suddenly stopped, and over went "Jim" plump into the water, rod and all. At first, he roared with all his might, "Mother, save me! save me!" and then began to sink, holding on to his rod. Oh the agony that fills his mind! How he struggles! He attempts to breathe; but he is suffocated with water. There is nothing above him he can grasp, nothing below him to stand on. Down, down he goes! He sees the light up through the water above him, and then all is darkness. Yet this darkness is but for a moment. Light, brighter and clearer than ever the sun gave, fills his mind. All the scenes and adventures of his life pass before him, in that light, like a panorama. His home, his mother and sisters, country-scenes, hills, woods, lakes and valleys, birds and butterflies, flit by with the rapidity of thought, and in wonderful detail. A strong hand grasps him by the shoulder, and draws him into the boat. The mischievous boy had alarmed the neighbors just in time to save him. Now the same agony of mind and the same suffering are repeated, and "Jim" is restored to life. "Jim" could find no words to express his gratitude for being saved from so horrible a death. He has ever since retained in memory the warning of his boyhood, that God's holy Sabbath must not be profaned. "Jim" is a full-grown man now, and has been saved from a more awful death than that

by water,—from the death of his soul; and has learned to remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy.

For the Child at Home.

FAITHFUL EMMA.

Emma Jones was an orphan, eleven years old. She once had a very pleasant home, and a mother whom she dearly loved. Now she was a little servant; and instead of playing with her dolls, or in the fields among the wild-flowers, she had the care of a baby, whose mother, Mrs. Wilmot, lived in a handsome house in the city.

Emma used often to weep when alone, and feel as if she could *not* live without her mother; but her Sabbath-school teacher had told her about the kind heavenly Father, who says, "When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up." This was a great comfort to Emma. She prayed very earnestly that Jesus would make her fit for him to love, and that she might *feel* that he loved her. And he, who is the same kind being as when he lived on earth, heard the child's prayer. Once, in answer to a question from her teacher, when alone with her, she replied artlessly, "Oh, I *do* love Jesus! He has made me feel as I used to to my mother, when in her arms,—as if I could put my arms around him, and lay my head upon his bosom."

One Sunday, Emma's teacher talked with her class upon these words of Jesus: "He that is faithful in the least is faithful also in much." She said,—

"God gives duties to each one of you,—little duties, because you are children; and he watches you while doing every little duty. If you do it well, he writes it down in his book; and, if you do it ill, he writes it down. One day, you will be judged by what is written there. *Try to do right*, and the watchful Shepherd will ever help the humblest of his lambs. *He will lift you over the rough or thorny places*. This is one meaning of the words, 'He will gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.'"

These words sank deep in the heart of the lonely little orphan. A few days after, she was out, taking the baby to ride in its little coach. She had asked God to make her faithful in these little duties. She met an old playmate named Lizzie Weed, who begged her to go with her.

"Oh, no, Lizzie! I must take the baby to the Park," said Emma.

"La, now!" said Lizzie, "as if Flat Street was not just as good a place for a baby to ride as the Park." She said much more, and seemed bent on turning Emma. Finding she could not, she became angry, and said, "I see how it is, Miss Stuck-up: you're too proud to be seen with your own kind: that's all."

Emma felt so sad at Lizzie's leaving in anger, that she dragged the little coach very slowly indeed. This, with her having been detained talking with Lizzie, made her later at the Park than she was aware. Just as she got there, she unexpectedly met Mrs. Wilmot, who said, "Why, Emma! have you only just got here? Where *have* you been?"

Emma was a timid child, and, in her surprise, could not answer at once. In her fear of Mrs. Wilmot, she looked down on the ground; and, when she tried to speak, her voice failed, and she burst into tears. She had lived with Mrs. Wilmot but one month, and was almost a stranger to her.

"Emma, I see you are guilty," said the lady. "I can't stop to talk here, but shall expect you to give an account of yourself as soon as you get home. I will not have any one to take care of my baby who can not be trusted."

This was a heavy grief to a desolate child. For a long time, she could think of nothing but being turned away in disgrace. She wept bitterly as she dragged the baby around the grounds. At length,



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number of them with his servant on a long journey. When they reached the end of their journey, the servant made the camels kneel down by a well outside of the city. Then who should come out there but a very handsome young woman, whose name was Rebekah? She gave the servant some water to drink, and then watered the camels; and the next day she rode away with the man on one of those camels. I think you would like to read the whole story; but you must find out for yourselves where it is, or else ask your mother or Sabbath-school teacher.

For the Child at Home.

LULU'S GIANT-STORY.

"Auntie?" Lulu's black eyes looked into mine with a more sober expression than they had possessed *that day*: for she had been, I thought, unusually mischievous; perhaps because I had been suffering with a severe headache. But now she seemed weary of play, and nestled at my side, curled up in her little chair, with her head on my lap, her thoughts buried in her story-book. Now she

glanced from it to me with the question, "Auntie, *are there giants now?*"

"Why do you ask, my Lulu?" said I, taking her on my lap.

"Because I have been reading a story of 'The Dreadful Giant;' and he *was* dreadful. Only think, auntie! why, he lived in a terrible forest, and used to wander about by night as well as day for food. He used to eat little children, and men and women!" So she went on, and told the story in her excited, childish way; concluding with the query she had commenced with: "Auntie, *are there giants now?*"

"Now I will tell *my* giant-story," said I.

"In a very large castle lived a giant. This castle was once the happy home of very many beautiful beings; but, one by one, they had abandoned it, until the giant, devoured those who remained, and thus gained their happy home, which he at once changed into his stronghold.

"Sometimes beings like those who had formerly dwelt there found their way to this stronghold, but were either devoured by the giant, or made their

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

I SUPPOSE that those of my young readers who have seen a camel think that he is the homeliest, the very ugliest, animal that there is. I do not wonder that you think so. I am half inclined to agree with you. He does look like a great pile of flesh and bones, put together without much regard to beauty. A monstrous hump on his back, a long, crooked neck, great sprawling feet,—as if these were not enough to make him the worst-looking creature in the world, he manages to travel with the most awkward gait possible, sticking his nose straight forward, and stalking along as if he would shake himself to pieces.

Now, will you believe me when I say that the Arabs think that the camel is *beautiful*? I think it is on the principle of the old maxim, "Handsome is that handsome does." For the camel is the Arab's great friend and benefactor. No other animal could endure those long desert-journeys which the Arab has to take. The patient beast kneels down to receive his load, which sometimes weighs half a ton,

and then travels on, often for five or six days, without either food or drink, till the caravan comes to a fountain or well. Then both the camel and his master have a good time, I assure you. Sometimes they both eat from the same loaf, like two friends.

God has wonderfully adapted the camel to his desert-life. His feet are made with a soft and broad cushion, so that they will not sink in the sand. His nostrils are narrow slits, which he can close or open at will, and so protect himself from the terrible hot simoom, with its suffocating clouds of sand. But the most wonderful provision of the Creator in this animal is his stomach, which contains cells for water, holding enough to last several days. This is why he can travel so long without drinking. The Arab knows about this; and you will be surprised to learn, that, when in danger of dying from thirst, he has been known to kill his camel in order to get water to drink.

Camels, you know, are mentioned in the Bible. See how many passages you can find that speak of them. Abraham owned camels. He once sent a

escape without attracting the giant's notice. Finally they forsook it entirely, leaving the giant in full possession of it.

"After a time, he had changed the once-beautiful castle into a wretched place. But one day a young corporal came, took the stronghold by storm, and, after repeated trials, slew the giant. Then he repaired the poor old castle, restored it to nearly its old beauty, and brought other lovely beings to dwell in it."

"O auntie! I know what you mean. The 'giant' is Self; the 'lovely beings' are sweet thoughts and actions; and their 'dwelling,' the heart: and 'the corporal'—oh! I know, it is 'Corporal Try.' I'm glad he killed him!"

"He is the only giant I can think of now; and it is time for Lulu to be dreaming."

"Auntie, I'm going to engage 'Corporal Try's' services to-morrow, and see if I can't kill that giant Self, who will make me say, 'I don't want to' when you call me to lessons," said Lulu, as she slid from my lap with a kiss.

Thekla Warner.

For the Child at Home.

"GATHER THEM IN."

It was the close of the spring-term of school at Newbury. Here and there you might see groups of children, with their piles of books, wending their way to their quiet homes nestling in the beautiful little valley. Of these, two sweet little girls, apart from the rest, attract our attention. Their names

are Winnie Herbert and Nellie Benton; and as they walk slowly along, their arms around each other's waists, many a silvery laugh rings out on the cool afternoon air, while their sweet voices are like the cooing of the doves. Let us approach a little nearer, and see what the words of this music may be. "Now we are out of school, Winnie," says Nellie, "don't you wish we could do something that we should be glad of afterward,—that would do somebody some good?"—"Yes," answered Winnie; "ever so much. Let's think, and see if there isn't something we can do." Silence for a few moments: then a bright idea takes possession of Winnie's mind; and, filled with glee at this new thought, she dances up and down, exclaiming, "Oh, I've thought of something splendid!"—"Do tell me what it is!" says Nellie, some of the joy of her little companion's face reflected upon her own. Then replies Winnie, "If our mammas will let us, we'll go round and try and get some scholars into Sabbath school."

It was a lovely afternoon, not many days after, when our two little friends set out on their mission of love. They decided, first, to go to a colony of houses a little beyond Red Brook, one of their favorite haunts, where they knew neither the children nor grown people ever attended church or school. The first house at which they decided to call was on the outskirts of the woods, and was

"Little and brown and old,
With children as many as it could hold."

On knocking at the door, it was opened by a young woman; whom they asked if she would not let some of the children, that they saw playing around, attend the school at Newbury. The woman hesitated for a little time; but on seeing the bright, eager faces of the children, and hearing them tell what nice times they had, and how kind the teachers were, she said she guessed she would let three or four of them go next Sunday; and, if they liked, they might go all the time. Much encouraged by their first success, the two little girls went onward

to the next dwelling,—it could hardly be called a house,—and renewed their pleadings; where, by dint of much perseverance, they obtained the promise of one new scholar. At their next trial, they were coldly repelled, and the door was shut in their faces. But they only pressed on to the next abode more bravely. And thus, through that golden afternoon, Winnie and Nellie labored; and, when they returned home in the gathering twilight, they had the promise of ten new scholars.

And not only did they thus toil this day, but very many days of that long vacation. Not always, indeed, did they meet with success. Sometimes, after spending an entire afternoon, they would not obtain a single new scholar: yet, when they were almost discouraged, then would they sing together their favorite Sabbath-school song, "Gather them in;" and its stirring music would put new life into their hearts, and they would press on with fresh zeal. On the closing Sabbath-school concert of the year, the superintendent said that he was very happy to be able to state, that, through the untiring exertions of two little girls, nearly fifty new members had been added to their school during the season.

And now, little readers of "The Child at Home," how many of you will engage in this good work? Remember, Christ's aid is ever promised you; and that, for every soul which you are instrumental in saving, a new star shall shine in your crown of rejoicing.

Morna May.



A. QUEER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"Why, that isn't a Sunday school; is it? Don't they know better than to sit on the floor? Are they too poor to have chairs or benches?"

O my little one! don't be too fast. It is their custom. What difference does it make, if the floor is only clean, or covered with nice soft mats? There's no danger of one's getting asleep, and falling out of his chair, you know. But I do not think any of them are at all sleepy: for you are looking at a picture of a Sabbath school in Harpoot, Turkey; and they seem to me to be very wide-awake Christian people there,—those that have been converted to Christ by the labor of missionaries from America.

Those six stout pillars are to support the roof of the chapel, and you will think they are needed, when I tell you that the roof is covered with earth two feet deep. Some of the children, you see, are in a gallery over the entry. The women are seated on the farther side of the railing. There are a few seats on the right, which are for the mission families.

Here the Harpoot children assemble every Sabbath to study the Bible and Catechism; and the children do not come alone. Mr. Wheeler says, in his "Letters from Eden," "Nobody here is too old to study the Bible; nobody too large to come to the Sabbath school to do it."

For the Child at Home.

STRIVING TO BE LIKE JESUS.

"Mother, may I have a birthday-party?" said Jamie Grant when he was within a few days of attaining his eighth year.

"I don't know that it will be convenient for me," said mamma; "but it will do no harm to talk the matter over. And, first, whom do you wish to invite?"

"I want all my cousins and the boys in my class," said Jamie; "and I don't know whether to have any girls or not. I like to play with them; but some of the boys think they spoil all our fun. What would you do about it if you were I, mother?"

"I think," said Mrs. Grant, "I would do what would please the largest number of the boys you invite."

"Then, mother, I will have the girls; because I think all but two or three of the boys would like it."

All at once, Jamie was silent, his face assumed an anxious look, and he seemed to be thinking intently upon some point; and, when he spoke, it was in a very subdued tone.

"Mother, do you remember my last Sabbath-school lesson said we must love our enemies, and do good to them that hate us; if we wished to be like our Father who is in heaven?"

"Yes, I recollect it well, because you said what a hard thing to do that would be."

"I spoke about it, mother," said Jamie, "because I have been trying to be like Jesus; and I know he will expect me to do this hard thing just now, and invite those Spear boys to my party. They stone me, and call me bad names, every time I go past their house; so you see they are my enemies; and I do not wish to have them, except to please Jesus. Do you think he would like to have me invite them?"

"I think he would," said Mrs. Grant, much pleased and affected that her little son should be so ready to put in practice the lessons he learned from the blessed Bible. Jamie invited John and Tommy Spear to his party; and I am glad

to say that they hung their heads in shame at Jamie's kind return for their abusive conduct, and after this they threw no more stones. I should like to know how many of the readers of this paper study their Bibles in the same spirit that Jamie does; not simply for the purpose of saying their lessons without mistake, but to put in practice its teachings. Will you not think, the next time you study your lessons, "Jesus expects me to do exactly as he directs in this book?"

M.

For the Child at Home.

THE GREAT TEST.

Auntie May was sitting in the great sunny parlor, reading, when she heard a sound of little feet on the stairs; and presently Genie's bright head was put in at the door, and from the sweet lips came the words, "May I come in where you are, Auntie May? I'll be very still." Now, Auntie May knew quite well how much that promise was worth, though made in all sincerity.

It meant, first a low buzz in the corner; then a loud hum, extending itself to all parts of the room, and rising gradually to as great an uproar as one voice, assisted by one pair of feet and hands, was capable of making. Certainly there could be no more reading if he came in.

But Auntie May thought, "If I say 'No' to my darling now, and shut the door against him, perhaps

the time may be when he will not come any more, saying, 'Please let me stay with you, auntie,' but will find for himself other companions, — false friends, who will guide his young feet in paths leading down to ruin and death."

So she laid aside the pleasant book, saying, "Yes, Genie, come in if you wish;" and soon the little fellow was cozily established at her side. For a while, there was profound silence. Genie was engaged with the photograph-album: then a tramping was again heard on the stairs, and cousin Freddie entered. "Come to see Genie," he said; and then there were great times indeed. Forts were built and besieged; chairs yoked together, and long journeys taken with these fiery steeds. Finally they settled down quietly to play "Post-office." For a time, they were very happy, — Genie on the lounge, and Freddie in the bay-window among the plants. Presently Genie, uneasy little fellow! grew tired of the lounge, and wanted his post-office in the window.

"Freddie," said he, "let's change places now." But Freddie, quite alive to the advantages of the window, answered, "No: he would rather stay where he was." Genie was silent; but he only longed the more for the sunny window, and very soon he began to covet it: that is, he wanted it so much, that he was willing to *do wrong* for the sake of getting it. So he cast about in his little mind for some way to obtain the coveted place. And this is what he did. "Freddie," said he, "let's change places *just for a minute*, to see how it will seem."

"Well," Freddie replied, "I will, but only for a minute: you mustn't keep it when I want to come back."

"Well," Genie said; and the change was made. But, — and this is the saddest part of the story, — when Freddie wanted the window again, Genie would not give it up.

"I didn't say you could have it," said he: "I only said, 'Well!'" Foolish Genie, trying to cheat his little heart into the belief that he had done no wrong because there was no spoken lie!

You can not tell how grieved Auntie May was to see this in her little nephew. "Genie," she said, "come here a moment." And then she entered into no long explanation of the nature of a lie, and the different forms it may take: she only said, "Genie, darling, listen to the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Have you followed this rule?" Genie drooped his head, self-convicted. In the light of the Golden Rule, how mean and small looked his little deceit! Dear children, this is the great test by which we may always know whether our actions are right or wrong; and, if we follow its teachings, we can not stray far from the right path.

Anna Perceval.

For the Child at Home.

MY LITTLE HERO.

Away off in South America, in the city of Rio de Janeiro, lives a little hero, who has never once flinched from duty in ten long years. All the boys who remember how hard it is to turn their backs on a nice hill for coasting, or to leave their skates on their nail, on a Saturday afternoon, while they run off errands for mother, will know something about it: how much of a hero the boy is who never scowls or pouts or frets a bit about giving up his half-holiday's sport. Every girl who has left her dolls undressed, or her precious croquet-mallets quiet, for an hour, to amuse the baby, or do some other little or big thing to help mamma, will be sure to admire the one who is always ready and pleasant; who never says, "I can't!" or "I'm tired of tending that fussy baby!"

Now, if the hero who bears every thing bravely because he *loves* to should happen to be neither boy nor girl, but a faithful *dog*, should you like him any

the less for it? Would you think his example any the less worth following? I shouldn't; for my little hero is a dog. Not a huge, black Newfoundland, with strong limbs and a proud step; not a graceful greyhound; nor yet a delicate poodle: none of all these is my hero; but a common yellow dog; a cur, perhaps you would call him, if you were to see him. He has coarse hair and short legs; and there is nothing beautiful about him save his large brown eyes, that seem always full of tears. This dog is "my hero."

Ten years ago, a funeral procession entered the gates of a cemetery in Rio. The hearse, with its nodding black plumes and the carriages filled with mourners, wound slowly in among the tombs, and finally stopped beside an open grave. The one who held the place of chief mourner, directly behind the hearse, walked with downcast eyes and sad demeanor. It was *my little hero*. He stood beside the grave while the prayer was offered and the coffin lowered. Then the procession turned on its homeward route, and everybody went away but the sexton and the dog.

The sexton staid only to fashion and smooth the mound above the sleeper; and then he, too, went away, and my hero was left all alone. He laid himself down on the newly-turned earth to wait and watch; for the master, he felt sure, was laid there: and all night he kept his post.

Next day, and many days afterward, people came, and tried to coax him home, but in vain. His master was laid there: there he would watch beside him. He grew thin with fasting and exposure: but never mind that; he didn't flinch a bit. So they brought him food, finding that he would die; and he would eat if they brought it to him where he lay. As the rainy season came on, they spread a mat for him beside the mound, and under the shelter of an adjoining tomb: and in very inclement weather he would use it; never at other times.

For ten years this has gone on: never once has he left his station. His hair has grown so long with the exposure to sun and rain, that it touches the damp ground when he walks; and he is getting so old and stiff, that he can scarcely get to his mat. Still he is faithful to his trust. He will not live much longer; and, when he dies, they will lay him beside his master. Now, do you not think my hero is a trusty one, and deserves your praise? Dear children, if you are only half as grateful and true to those who have done you kindness, to your parents and friends, and most of all to your heavenly Father, how much happier and better will the world be for your living in it!

F. W. H.

For the Child at Home.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

"Mother," asked a little girl five years old, — "mother, will God give me any thing I want?"

"He will if it is best for you to have it," was the reply.

"Could I ask him for a bird?" was the next question, in a doubting tone.

"Yes, dear."

"Could he give me one if I did?"

"Certainly: God can give us any thing."

"Do you suppose he *would*, mother? I do want one."

"He will if it is best for you to have it."

"Is it best, mother?"

"I don't know, dear. God knows; and he loves to have you ask for all you want."

The child had been on her knees all this time, and with renewed faith bowed her head upon her mother's lap, and prayed; saying in the midst of her

petitions, "And if you please, God, give me a bird to be my own."

That day she looked very happy, hoping that her heavenly Father would think it best for her to have the longed-for bird.



The next day her papa took her by the hand, and led her out to the barn. Every thing was sparkling in the sunshine, and looked almost as though newly formed. The hens were eating of their freshly-scattered food; and the father, sitting down upon a log, drew the little girl to his arms, saying,

"Did you know, dear, that chickens were birds?"

"Why, no, sir! Are they?"

"Yes: they are tame birds. Would you like to have one for your own?"

"Oh, yes, papa! Do you mean to be only mine, and no one else's?"

"Yes. I will give you one of those two white ones; and you may have your choice. Which would you like?"

"O papa, I'm so happy! I'd like the one with the black feathers in her neck. Is she all mine? and her eggs too?" And the child fairly danced with joy.

"Yes: you are to do just what you please with her; only take good care of her."

"Oh, I will, I will!" and, running to her mother, she told of her gift in tones of rapture.

"Then, my dear, you should thank God for giving you the bird you asked for," was the reply.

Instantly the lively face grew thoughtful. "But God didn't give it to me: papa did."

"Certainly; but God put it into papa's heart to do it. That is the way he often gives us what we want."

"Oh! is it?" and then, as though half ashamed, she came close to her mother's side, and whispered, "But I wanted a canary-bird, mother."

"God knew it; but he thinks it best for you to have this kind now. You know you can have a whole brood of chicks from her eggs."

"So I can. God knew best; didn't he, mother?"

A few weeks passed quickly; and, the other day, the little girl counted eight little downy, feathery balls of chicks, — black and white. Her delight knew no bounds. She sits half her time by the coop, watching and petting them; and is constantly saying, —

"God knew best what I wanted; didn't he, mother?"

God knows best what we all want. Let us trust



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PRAIRIE-FLOWERS.

"FRANKIE dear, get me that bunch of shooting-stars for the middle of my bouquet. There! if that isn't sweet; and what a pretty wreath Benny has made to crown mamma with! O Frank, how beautiful the world is!"

"Yes, Maggie: you've said that at least a dozen times since we came out here. Do you still think all these flowers are wasted, sis?"

"No, indeed; but it did seem so hard, at first, to have such fields of them all to ourselves, when the poor, city children would be so glad to have a single bunch. Now, didn't you think so, Frank?"

"I should like to sprinkle some close, dingy lane with a cart-load of them, all wet with the morning dew, and hear the puny little prisoners shout for joy.

Benny, what are you thinking of?" asked the eldest of his little brother, who looked half pleased, half shyly, into their faces.

"Isn't this the angel's flower-garden, Frankie? and do they plant the golden-rod and asters and the shooting-stars, and all, when they fly over us?"

Frank laughed, and said, "Our little poet's got a new idea." But Maggie responded eagerly, —

"Why, it might be! Of course, God wouldn't put them all here for nothing, — just to let them live and die for us to look at, and they so sweet and perfect. The yellow crowfoot and the blue violet have all passed away: but we don't forget them; do we?"

"No," answered Frank thoughtfully. "They are

like good acts, and sweet, pure thoughts, in our hearts. They pass from sight, but can not be forgotten. We ought to do our work perfectly, just as God makes each little flower, no matter whether our work is to be seen or not."

"If we do, our hearts will be like angels' gardens; won't they, Frank?"

"Yes, Benny; and the Spirit will make the flowers in them grow so beautifully, that all the ugly weeds will be crowded out. I wish we might always keep our gardens in good order."

"I'll try: won't you, Maggie?"

"Yes: I'll crowd mine as full of flowers as the prairie is. Then mamma'll love us dearly."

"Best of all, sis, God will love us, and take us to his heavenly garden, where sweeter flowers than these are always in bloom. Now come: let's take our gifts to mamma. She'll say they are perfect, I know." — And the happy trio bounded away.

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

No. V.

"More than a thousand years ago, a bright boy, in company with several others, all bent on mischief, might have been seen robbing a pear-tree."

"Is he going to be a 'beautiful light,' asked Edith.

"Yes; but his lamp was not lighted then. All 'the light that was in him was darkness;' and he afterward lived to tell us, as very few ever have been able to tell us, 'how great was that darkness.'

"It was late at night; and the boys were successful. They got a great many pears; and when they proved not to be juicy and sweet, but hard and poor, and unfit to be eaten, they were not satisfied to leave them on the tree, but gathered and threw them away. How has this, which may seem to you a

small sin, chanced to be so long remembered? I will tell you. Because it was shown to be *not* a small sin to one of these boys. Years after, when his life was revealed to him by the Holy Spirit, and he saw and confessed many sins, the poor stolen pears came up to add to his remorse and shame. Not only did he remember the theft, but the fact that he took the pears from sheer wantonness, when he could not eat them, merely for the pleasure of wrong-doing, filled him with shame. In speaking of this sin, he says, 'What, then, did wretched I so love in thee, thou theft of mine, thou deed of darkness, in that sixteenth year of my age? Fair were the pears we stole, because they were Thy creation. Fair were those pears: but not them did my wretched soul desire; for I had store of better, and I gathered those

only that I might steal. For, when gathered, I flung them away; my only feast therein being my own sin, which I was pleased to enjoy. For, if aught of those pears came within my mouth, what sweetened it was sin.' This and much more he says about this one act. When the Spirit shines into our hearts, no sin will appear small. We can yet be made to writhe in agony over sins which we may now be committing with laughter and unconcern. God had given to this boy one great blessing, — better than riches, better than all else he enjoyed, — a *faithful, praying mother*. She may never have known of the stolen pears, or of the greater sins of which he became guilty; but she did know her son had a wicked heart; and with strong crying and earnest groanings, and prayer that would not be denied, this African mother, the devoted Monica, prayed for the conversion of Augustine.

"He had been carefully educated in pagan schools; read the heathen poets with delight; and became a teacher in his native town Tagaste, and afterward in Carthage. In seeking to know the truth with regard to religion, he embraced a false system of belief, which he held for nine years. His mother never ceased to pray that he might be led into the true way of life, but for many years mourned over him in vain. He rose to great distinction. He taught in Rome, and was afterward chosen as a teacher of rhetoric in Milan. Here, after many and singular lessons of Providence, when about thirty-three years of age, he became converted to Christianity. His mother's prayers were answered. Years of anguish were turned into joy. She soon after left him, to go to that home above which she had lived to see him prepared to share with her. He felt her death deeply, and lived for three years after a secluded, retired life in his native town in Africa. He then became a preacher in Hippo; and souls were converted under his labors in great numbers. He afterward became a bishop; and his earnestness, zeal, and great success, continued the wonder of all for thirty-five years. His dress, and manner of living, were plain and simple. He was kind to all, from a heart full of sweet charity and love. He wrote a great number of valuable books. In one of these, his 'Confessions,' — a wonderful book, the laying bare of an unsanctified heart, — he tells the story of the stolen pears. One marvels, in reading the book, to see how God chooses from such darkness to bring out, for his praise and glory, so wonderfully beautiful a 'light'; so that it is said by one of his biographers, 'The influence of Augustine upon his own age and upon all succeeding ages of Christian history can not be exaggerated. It is believed that he was at once the purest, the wisest, and the holiest of men; equally mild and firm, equally prudent and fearless, equally a friend to men and a lover of God.'

"He died peacefully, at the age of seventy-six; and his loss was deeply felt by all. He wrote many sweet hymns, some of which we now have."

"We almost forget the years of darkness in his life," said Edith, "in the brightness that came after."

"Just as we all may be permitted to forget our sins when God has 'cast them into the depths of the sea,' when we have seen them as Augustine saw his sins, — to repent of, hate, and forsake them. He was not only a 'beautiful light' himself, but has for hundreds of years realized the promise in all its blessedness, 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'"

J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

WHAT THE ROBBERS SAID.

A few years ago, I received a letter from a dear friend whose house had been broken into by two robbers. She was aroused from a deep sleep by a bright light shining in her face. Awaking her husband, she saw two men at the foot of her bed,

who, with pistols in hand, demanded their money or their lives. One of them she recognized as formerly a servant, to whom she had shown kindness.

She commenced entreating him to abandon so wicked a course, and asked him if he did not remember that God saw him.

"We do not care for God," they replied.

They searched for money, and carried away a considerable sum. Her husband followed them into the street; when one of them turned, and shot his arm; and, before the police came up, they escaped. In a few days, however, they were arrested for crimes in another city, and soon afterward were sentenced to the State prison for a term of seven years.

I read this letter with trembling fears for many little folks in our land. I know a little boy who thinks it a smart joke to get a few of his neighbor's fruits without leave. Is he sure that he cares for God? What is wrong is not fun, but heartache, and a painful stepping in the road that will lead to death.

"It shall be well with them that fear God." D.



For the Child at Home.

LILY'S CHILDREN.

Hettie and Paul are Aunt Lily's children. Aunt Lily laughs when anybody speaks about her name: for lilies are tall and slender and white, and she is black and round and fat; and, when she laughs, she shakes all over just like jelly. But she is what the children call "mighty good" and "pearl"; for she can make "rising bread" fit for a queen, and her "corn dodgers" no hungry girl or boy would dodge.

Her husband was killed in the war; so Aunt Lily is a soldier's widow. He wore the blue; and she tells it proudly. She has to work very hard to keep herself and Hettie and Paul. Hettie is a good girl, and helps her mother; but sometimes Paul is very bad. One day he was sent of an errand with five cents, and told to be very quick. But Paul did not mind. He stopped to look in at a confectioner's window; and then Satan tempted him, and he went in and spent the money for candy. Then he added to his sin by telling a story. He went home, and said, —

"Mammy, I dropped that money under the bridge."

Aunt Lily was very sorry; but she did not scold Paul. She gave him five cents more, and sent Hettie to look for the piece he had dropped. While Hettie was hunting, a boy came along, and told her what Paul had done.

When Paul came back, he saw, by his mother's face, that his sin was found out. Now, some mothers would have scolded him, and punished him right away; but Aunt Lily is a Christian, and she knew a better way. She said sternly, "Sit down there, Paul!" When she had put her cake in the oven, she said, "Paul, you have stolen and lied, and God is very angry with you. I am angry too, and very sorry. I shall have to whip you; for I want you to grow up a good, honest boy."

Then she corrected him, but not in a passion. All day long she looked so sad, that Paul felt ashamed of himself. No song did Aunt Lily sing that whole day. But at night, when he knelt down to say his prayers, Paul said, —

"Mammy dear, I'm sorry: I won't do so again." Then she kissed him, and forgave him; and Paul asked God to forgive him: and he has been a good boy ever since.

M. E. M.

For the Child at Home.

THE LITTLE SYRIAN MAID.

In the land of our Saviour, but many miles away from Bethlehem, farther on toward the sun's rising, in the little village of Cutterbul, whose houses are built of gray-hewn stone and sunburnt brick, lives Shimoon, — a modest, quiet, serious-looking girl. She is not beautiful. Her face is deeply marked all over by small-pox. Most people would say, "She is very plain;" but there is a goodness within, a sincere and truthful and noble nature, which looks through this plain outside, and gains for her a welcome to our home, and from our hearts the silent petition, "God bless the girl!"

Her father's name is Hanna. He fords the river upon his old gray horse; then up the steep, winding way, through the gates, into the city, and along the narrow streets to the missionary's house. We look down, and see the great red-fringed saddle over the back of old Ferhan; and we have ready our "*Sabbah, la hier olsoon; hosh geldin*," — "Your morning, pleasant may it be; you are welcome," — as Hanna ascends the stone stairway and enters our sitting-room. He is a large man, with a benevolent face; wears a turban and jacket and gown of blue, well put together, in seams of nice stitching, done by his good wife Shushan. He is wound round and round with a wide girdle of Persian shawl. His stockings are of many colors, and his boots are large and bright red. He takes them off at the door, and enters our sitting-room.

The little "Franji" boys, the children of the missionary, clamber up to his shoulders; and he swings and tosses them about, and then gently brings their little sister up for a kiss, calls her *koozie* (which means "lamb"), and pulls out from his girdle — just as she expects he will — a long string of dried figs, and then, from the pocket in his gown, a handful of filberts, which he puts into the hands of the boys; and off they all run to divide the spoil, with a "*Choke memnoomeem*," — "Much we thank you," — while we sit and listen to his story of all that's going on in his village: of the house he is trying to have built for the good native pastor; of one neighbor who is too miserly, and loves himself too well, to contribute a *para* toward it; of others, who give from their scanty means cheerfully; and of another class, who, from their extreme poverty, give their mites, because they have learned the privilege and luxury of giving. But his heart melts in pity over the many who are so poor that they can not give; who would die of starvation, did not he, the good Hanna, feed them from his own bounty, and stir up the hearts of others to do for them. But none are so poor or so wretched but they may have a welcome admittance and a free seat in the neat little chapel, where the bread of life is given to such, where they are taught of the durable riches, and where, too, their souls find light and joy.

Hanna's noble heart rejoices, too, as he tells of

the good deeds and faithful efforts of his daughter Shimoon; of her school for boys and girls; her meeting every week for prayers and instruction with the women of the village; how, having freely received instruction from the missionary teachers, she feels it her duty and privilege to teach to others these things which have given to her new life and energy; how, too, she is sometimes disheartened by the indolence and stupidity and inattention of some of her pupils. And do you wonder that they are so? Go with me into the house of one of them. We enter through a very dirty court as far as the door. The house is made of cobble-stones and mud, plastered with mud mixed with a little chopped straw. We knock; and a voice from within calls, "Who is it?" and, after we have answered with our names, the door is opened by the old mother of Mariam, one of Shimoon's scholars, who, with her face half covered with an old muslin mantle, gives us her hand and a look of pleasure. Yes, she feels honored by our call, and curious to see what we have on. It is rather dark; the window in the room being but a rude sash, covered with oiled paper in the place of glass. We strain our eyes to see what it is she is giving us for a seat. Oh! it is a piece of comforter, folded over an old cushion, — all rags, — yes, rotten rags. We would much rather not sit down upon it; but we have come to speak to her of the love of Jesus, — him who went among the poor and lowly, — and we must not seem to feel that the seat offered in true kindness is too mean for us to sit upon. We talk with her first about her children and home-affairs, and she pours out her tale of troubles and vexations; and we try to tell her how much easier to bear are all these ills of life, if only we have Jesus for our friend and helper. But it seems to us that the language of her heart must read thus: "Oh! what do you know of trouble? You have good clothes to wear; plenty to eat and drink; and it is very easy for you to go about and talk to people like us." We think to arouse for ourselves a little of her sympathy, — to draw her thoughts away from herself. So we tell her of the home we have left, thousands of miles away; of dear parents and brothers and sisters, and many friends, whom we may never see again; and at this, our great sacrifice, she marvels. It is beyond her comprehension; and she says, "You are not like us. All this is well enough for you; but we are different." We talk to her in Turkish; but she understands Arabic better, and, better still, Koordish: and we go away sad, very sad, at the sight of such ignorance and misery, feeling that our words have availed little. But we have great hope for such as her from the efforts of our Shimoon, our "little Syrian maid," our "beautiful light." She can talk to the women about her in any of their own languages, — Turkish, Arabic, Koordish, or Armenian; for she has grown up in the midst of them all, and from week to week she gathers them together in her schoolroom. They sit upon the floor, and admire her for her wisdom, and listen to her as she reads to them from the Bible and explains it, until a gleam of light seems to dawn upon their poor dark souls. She prays with them too; and they listen and wonder, and say, "This is prayer; we never hear any thing like this in our old religion:" and they learn from her to go themselves to the mercy-seat, and to know of the sinfulness of their hearts, and their need of a Saviour.

Shimoon is often weary and discouraged as she labors for these degraded people; but she does it for Jesus' sake. Will you not pray for her that she may have strength and faith to labor on, and that many souls may be born again through her efforts?

E. H. W.

For the Child at Home.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

My young reader, have you thought of the deep meaning of the familiar title of your beautiful paper?

The child *at home*, — the very place to know the girl's or boy's character. I have in mind a boy nine years old, who, at school, is always at the head of his class, and is regarded by his teacher as almost faultless, — her best specimen of a little gentleman. But I have been at his house, and have seen the resistance to parental authority, and heard the selfish, unkind words addressed to his sisters. The child *at home* and the child *at school* were very unlike. He was ambitious to excel under his teacher's eye, but not so anxious to please his parents, make his home happy, and, above all, to please God, who is especially displeased with him if wicked there; for the Lord made the home, the first thing after he finished the world, to be the dearest, happiest, and holiest place on earth. Whenever you read the name of your monthly journal, ask yourself, "What kind of a child am I *at home*?"

As you live there you will probably be through life and for ever.

P. C. H.



OUR NEW HOME.

What would you want to have your father do, if his house was so small, and his children were so many, that he did not know how in the world he could make room for all the dear ones?

"I should want to have him pull down the old house, and build a larger one."

Yes; but wouldn't it answer just as well if he should buy a house already built, or get the use of it for a good many years, especially if it was in a better place?

This is what the American Tract Society has been doing. Our old house was so small, and our children — that is, our books and papers, and picture-cards and tracts, &c., — are so many, that we couldn't get along without more room. So we looked around to find a better home; and a kind Providence led us to just the nicest spot in all Boston for us.

You have all heard or read about Boston Common, with its shaded walks, its hundreds of beautiful arching elms, its little lake, its fountains, and its fine coasting in winter. Well, right opposite the Common, at 164 Tremont Street, is the new

Tract House. If you were to stand on the Common, in front of the building, you would get just the view that is given in our picture. There is the store, on the lower floor; and above it are the rooms for the committee, the secretaries, the artists, and others engaged in the tract-work. You can not see the room where the piles of papers and magazines are, because that is in the basement. You must go around back of the store, on Mason Street, to find the entrance to that room. If you go at the right time of the month, you will think, perhaps, that some one is going to mill with a large grist; but all those great bags are full of "The Child at Home," "Christian Banner," "Sabbath at Home," and "Freedman," on their way to the post-office, to be distributed all over the country, and some of them in foreign countries.

So we leave the old, and are happy in the new, home. Good-by, old 28 Cornhill! You've been a good, well-tried friend. You have sheltered a good many earnest Christian workers. You have heard a good many prayers for the children, and have sent out a great many good things to them. You've received, too, a good many dollars from the children to do good with. Now they must send them to the new home; and we think they will be glad to.

For the Child at Home.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

What a curious creature it is! I was reading about it the other day, and must tell you how it makes for itself a refuge down in the deep, something like a diving-bell, so that it can have dry quarters.

This spider's house is a cocoon, open at the bottom, and filled with air. The creature lines it with silk, and fastens it in every direction by threads to the surrounding plants. Within this retreat she sits, and watches for prey. When she has nearly exhausted the air, she swims upon her back to the surface of the water to secure more.

If you stand by a pond, and watch the still water, you will often see a little bubble that appears like a globe of quicksilver. This bubble is a bag of air that envelops the spider's abdomen. With it she descends to her house, and by it displaces the water; coming again and again to the surface for more, until she has sufficient to expel all the water from her cell. In the winter she closes the opening, and dwells there securely. The male spider does the same.

There is a species of water-spider that actually forms a raft, upon which it drifts for the purpose of getting its prey more easily. It puts together by silken threads a ball of weeds three or four inches in diameter; and upon this floating island it glides along until it sees a drowning insect, when it seizes it, and devours it at leisure. If alarmed by any danger, it gets under the raft for safety. Did you ever know such cunning and wisdom?

I am so astonished when I learn the curious things that belong to God's creatures, that I shut my book, and look up into the heavens with praises of my great Creator in my heart and upon my tongue. Only think! it took hundreds of years for the science of man to find some invention by which he could go down into the deep, taking air enough with him to keep him alive; and yet these little spiders, with no human reason or wisdom, have always, by a secret art, supplied themselves with atmospheric air while they dwelt in the water below!

See how our Father cares for what we call his inferior creation! — and let it teach us that he can stoop to our smallest necessity, and in our infirmity and weakness will give to us of his infinite wisdom and strength.

Fanfan.



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"CHIP."

THE dear little fellow! He sits before me now, perched upon his hind-legs, with his bushy tail sticking up in the air, and his bright black eyes shining, and an acorn in his fore-paws, with a hole in it that he nibbled years ago.

His fur is a beautiful brown, with black and white stripes running down his back. How it used to shine in the sunlight as he frisked along the fences, and up the trees, and over the greensward, or among the dead autumn-leaves!

I must tell you how he came from the green woods to this city home.

It was a grand gala time at the root of the old oak when Chip was born.

His father and mother were as proud and happy

as squirrels could be, and said to one another, as plainly as they could speak, "There was never so beautiful a baby in all the forest around!"

How they watched it from day to day as it grew in size and strength and sprightliness! It looked just like its father, for all the world, the mother said: there was the same cleft upper lip; the same soft, silky hair; the same hooked nails in the toes, by which it could climb freely; the same graceful motions as it leaped along the ground, or from branch to branch of the trees. Of course, the mother was delighted with this resemblance to her husband; and the father would say, "But it has your beautiful eyes, my love, and your gentle, winning ways:" and so both were pleased and satisfied.

When Chip was big enough to go out from the

home-burrow, that was long and branching, and had two openings or doors, his mother sent him to gather grain and nuts for the winter's use. He was a nimble creature, and of great help; and the pouches in his cheeks were always full as he returned from his foraging expeditions.

Peas and beans, and the seeds of pines, and acorns and beech-nuts, and chestnuts and hazelnuts,—such a medley as he heaped up in the store-house! One day, when the autumn was growing late, and Chip was very busy hunting for nuts, footsteps crackling the crisp brown leaves startled him; and away he scampered towards home, his bushy tail spread behind his back, and his motions as fleet as could be.

"Oh the cunning little thing!" said Renie, who had gone out into the woods to fill her pockets with shag-barks. "I wish I could catch it, and carry it home with me!"

The next morning, Burt, the country cousin, set a trap with corn; and Chip, tempted by the yellow grain, ran in, and so was made prisoner. Renie got a nice wire cage for her captive, and brought him away from the broad green woods to pent-up city walls.

If he missed the old haunts, he never said so, but seemed to content himself with his new quarters; which was the very best wisdom, since no fretting could have changed matters.

Perhaps his father and mother mourned for him a little while. I can not tell; but it is very natural to suppose so.

Renie loved her pet very much, and did all that she could to make him happy; and to help him to forget the past. She would fill her pocket with nuts, and open the cage-door to give Chip his freedom; and he would come whisking forth, and find his way up her dress, and dive down into the hidden depths, and come up again with his cheeks distended, and run back to the cage to bury the treasure under some cotton. His black eyes would sparkle with glee as he busied himself until he had emptied the pocket of all its contents. It was fun to watch him, he had so many cunning ways. Sometimes he would

sit upon Renie's shoulder, and give a little harmless nip at her ear: and every morning he went to the cup of water that was in his cage, and dipped his fore-paws in, and washed his face, and his back as far as he could reach, and his bushy tail; and then he would go into the revolving wheel, and run round and round as fast as it would carry him. Perhaps he thought himself back again in the wild woods, where there were no limits to his motion.

Often, in the winter, he would lie for days and days curled up quietly in a little heap in his cage, apparently lifeless; but once, when some one, thinking him dead, took him in her hand, he gave it a sudden nip with his sharp teeth, so that she was glad to let him go.

I come to a sorrowful time now, when Renie had

to give up her pretty pet and plaything, and put away the wire house where he had lived so contentedly.

Maybe he had been going round too long in that revolving wheel. You know how it makes your brain whirl to turn round and round in one direction; and how you get dizzy, and would fall to the ground, if you continued it long. At any rate, there Renie found poor Chip, lying in a sort of fit, one day; and, when she touched him, he rushed into the other part of the cage; and went over and over until presently he was quite still and dead.

It was of no use to try to restore him. He would never more come frisking out to get nuts from his mistress's pocket; he would never more sit upon his hind-legs, and nibble at the hard shell with his white teeth.

Renie could not bear to bury him: so she took her pet to a taxidermist, and had him stuffed; and since that time he has been perched upon the bronze clock on the mantle-piece, with fir-cones around him, and the nut that he had begun to eat grasped in his paws.

It is very pleasant to have him sitting there. It takes Renie away from the pent-up city to God's beautiful green woods, where his sinless creatures revel in the glories of Nature; and I think it must take her still farther away, to the world where there is neither sin nor death, and where the spring-time always reigns, and the great Creator's love wraps all things about, and makes a greater beauty and glory than we can ever know upon this earth.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

"THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN."

"Do you want a boy in your store, sir?"

"No," gruffly replied Mr. Brisk, without looking up. "Boys, in these days, make *being a boy* an excuse for all sorts of laziness, waste, and slovenliness. I'm sick of them."

"But it is *possible* for a boy to be neat, saving, and industrious," replied the first speaker.

Mr. Brisk now *did* look up. He saw the *boy* picking up various things which were scattered on the floor, — a nail here, some corks there, — and he saw that he put each in its proper place. The man now said, "Fact is, I *do* want 'a hand,' but can't afford to hire a man in my small business, and have been tormented with the laziness and wastefulness of the boys I've had."

"Will you please try *me*, sir?" asked Roger Bright, the boy above mentioned, without trying to recommend himself.

Mr. Brisk thought his looks, his words, his acts, a sufficient recommendation, and replied, "Well, I guess I will."

Roger came. Mr. Brisk found he did not have to call him twice to do a thing. When sent on an errand, he did not stay twice as long as necessary, and then, when reproved, coolly say, "Oh! you know *boys* can't tell how time passes," as did the last boy he had hired. Roger felt that the *boy* would soon become a *man*, and must begin young to acquire good, business-like habits. He did so; and was so neat, prompt, and industrious, that Mr. Brisk kept him till he was old enough to set up business for himself.

Mr. Brisk saw that Roger was saving, without being mean; and once asked him in regard to this: for he saw he was remarkably generous. Roger replied, —

"My mother taught me that those who waste can not have much to give away, unless their means are large: and wasteful people hardly ever become rich; while those who are in the habit of thinking for others love to save that they may have more to give away. But the mean save only for themselves."

M. P. H.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. — Prov. xxii. 29.

For the Child at Home.

THANKSGIVING EVERY DAY.

For several days before the one appointed for Thanksgiving, little Mary Williams thought and talked of nothing but the visit she was to make on that day to dear grandma Dean. Grandma lived on a farm, and Mary's visits there had been among the pleasantest days of her life. She fed the chickens and turkeys; hunted the eggs; knew the names of each one of the cows; and had even driven old Poll, the horse which grandpa had owned more than twenty years, and which was now past doing much work, and was quite safe for the children to drive.

No wonder, with the prospect of seeing all these friends, to say nothing of grandma and grandpa, Mary was impatient for Thanksgiving Day to come. At last the slow hours went by, and the wished-for morning arrived; and with it such a body of snow, that Mary had the pleasure of going to grandma's in a sleigh. The pleasant ride gave her such an appetite, that, when dinner-time came, you may be sure she did ample justice to the good things with which the table was loaded; especially to the chicken-pie, which was one of those old-fashioned ones,



ornamented with leaves and buttons, which are so crisp and nice, and which are never to be found on degenerate modern pies.

After dinner, cousin Jim cracked butternuts, and Mary picked out a great many meats for grandma then she went to the barn to see the chickens; but she missed the four white ones which had been her especial favorites, and she didn't think she should have enjoyed her dinner quite as well if she had known they were the ones that were in the pie. Her pet turkey, too, had gone to make up the feast; but she was somewhat consoled for its loss by being told that grandma had saved some of its feathers to make her a fan. Just before she left the barn, she fed the lamb which had been given her on a former visit, when it seemed to be almost frozen, and which she had nursed until it was quite well and strong.

Mary was so happy, and so busy with all her friends at the farm, that the day seemed very short, and the time to go home came a great deal too soon; and she exclaimed, "O mother! I wish we could have Thanksgiving every day." Mary only wished for the enjoyments of Thanksgiving: I don't think she once thought of feeling grateful to the kind Being from whom she received all these good things. Mary's mother saw the selfish feeling in her

little girl's heart, and said, "Every day might be one of thanksgiving, if we always remembered to thank our kind heavenly Father for the many blessings he permits us to enjoy; and, if we forget to do this, I am afraid he will see fit to take some of them away." These words made a great impression on Mary; and she went away alone, and asked God to forgive her for her sinful ingratitude and forgetfulness of him on a day when he had given her so much to enjoy.

M.

For the Child at Home.

UNSELFISH ACTS.

Albert lived in the country, and could only attend Sabbath school in the summer. He liked very much to go, and learned cheerfully the lessons his teacher gave him. During the week, Albert's class learned passages of Scripture, and recited them on the Sabbath; the teacher noting down the number of verses learned by each pupil.

Albert had been interested in this; but when the day came on which the school was to close, and his mother questioned him in regard to the lessons of the week, she found that he had learned but a small portion of Scripture. When she inquired the reason, he did not, at first, seem willing to tell her: but, when she asked again, he told her, that, on the last Sabbath, another in the class had as many verses as he; and he had learned but few since, lest he should have more than Johnnie, and Johnnie might, on that account, feel badly.

Another time, a young friend from town came out to visit Albert; and, as there was much game in the fields and woods around Albert's home, this boy brought his gun. Albert's father had a small gun, which he sometimes permitted his son to use. On this occasion, Albert obtained permission to go out with his friend for an hour or two in pursuit of game. The little boy was delighted; for he liked very much to use his gun, and was very happy when he could bring home a squirrel or a rabbit.

The two boys wandered about some time without seeing any game; but at length Albert caught sight of a rabbit. He was about to fire, when he thought of his friend; so, lowering his gun, and beckoning to his companion, he pointed out the rabbit, and told him to shoot it. The rabbit was killed, and the boys returned home with their prize; Albert happy in seeing his friend happy.

It is the selfish who are unhappy. If you want to make your own heart glad, do a kindness to some one about you. If you want to be like Jesus, try to do good and to be kind to all.

N. H. H.

For the Child at Home.

TWO STORIES.

Two children have each told me a little story lately, at different times and in very different places; yet the stories belong together. The first is

EDITH'S STORY.

I must tell you, first, that Edith is my niece. She is a very merry, black-eyed little girl; and I do believe she is never still unless somebody is reading to her or telling her stories, or unless *she* is telling stories to somebody.

To-day she came in from play, and told three or four stories about her play. One of these I am going to tell you.

"O aunty! Letty and I went to the Common with our hoops; and we had a perfectly splendid time a long while. By and by we got rather tired: so we went down by the pond, and sat down on one of the seats a minute or two. There was a little girl near us, playing with her brother. She had a hoop, and he had one; and they tried to knock each other's hoops down. Well, there was an old apple-woman sitting at the corner of the fence, near the pond; and she went up to her with her brother (her brother was rather bigger than she was), and

she bought some oranges and some apples. I guess she spent as much as twenty-five cents, and her brother too. Then they went away, and talked a long while together; and Letty and I began to roll our hoops again; and then we went to the top of the hill, and forgot all about the "blue girl,"—that's what we called her, because she had on a blue suit. We hadn't played long before I saw the same "blue girl" coming up the hill with two great oranges in her hand; and she went right up to two little beggar-girls sitting on the grass, and asked them if they would like some oranges, and then tossed one into each little girl's lap. They looked almost frightened, and didn't even thank her. Then she ran away fast to her brother, who was holding her hoop for her. I guess they gave away all they bought to poor people."

Edith stopped talking, and, jumping up, said, "That's all. I guess that orange was something like the cup of cold water; don't you, aunty?" and ran off almost before I could answer, "Perhaps so, Edith."

We will see after we hear

MARY'S STORY.

Mary is a little scholar in my class in the mission school; a new scholar too. She has only been there three Sabbaths; and yesterday, when I asked her how she happened to come, she told me this story:—

"I was out one afternoon with my basket with Maggie Murchison; and we walked about till we were tired, and then went to the Common and sat down on the grass, it was so nice and green! We were making a chain of dandelions, Maggie and me, and didn't think how late 'twas getting (for my basket wasn't half full, nor Maggie's neither); when I looked up all on a sudden, and a girl, dressed in blue, stood straight before us, with two oranges in her hands. She dropped them into our laps, and ran off. Maggie eat hers up right off, and begged me to eat mine; but it looked so good, and smelt so nice, I couldn't bear to eat it up, and have it all gone; so I put it into my basket, and the dandelion chain too, and went round some more. But I didn't get much. It wasn't a good day; and Molly beat me when I got home for it. But I forget about the orange. There was a little lame boy in a street I go through to get home, that was so lame he couldn't



walk any. He hadn't been there long; but he knew me, and almost always laughed when I went by; I suppose, because he saw me every day. That night he looked real white, and he didn't see me: so I stopped a minute; and, when he looked up, I thought he had been crying. I felt so bad for him, I gave him the orange; and he looked real glad a minute, and then asked me if I hadn't got somebody at

home that would like it. But I told him I hadn't anybody at home that loved me any, nor anybody anywhere else; for it's true. You see, people don't care much for" (she stopped a minute, as though she didn't like to say it, and then added) — "for beggar-girls."

"He looked sober like for a minute; and then his eyes were real bright, and he said I ought to know his Friend. And he took up a book, and reached it to me through the open window; but I couldn't read it, because, you see, I never went to school any: and I couldn't stay any longer either; for it was getting late. So I went home fast; and old Molly beat me because I didn't get a basketful, and she wouldn't give me any supper."

"Well, the next day, Willy (that's the lame boy's name) was watching for me; and he said, that, if I couldn't read, he would tell me about his Friend. I could stay a little while, because my basket was full, and it wasn't near dark. So he told me his name was Jesus. He thought it was strange I never heard of him. I've heard the boys in the street say the word sometimes; but I didn't know what it meant. I don't know now how he could be Willy's Friend, and live up above the clouds. Willy says he loves him; says he helps him to smile when his foot aches; and, when I told him I didn't think anybody so far off would be a very good friend, he told me to come here to Sunday school. He said he used to before he was so lame, and there were some ladies here that would tell me all about it."

"I didn't want to come in this dress; but he said, 'No matter;' so I put some pins in it in the worst places."

"I didn't see Willy any more, because a big man with black whiskers carried him off somewhere. I guess that was what made him cry. It made his foot ache to move much; and the big man always made him when he came to see him."

Mary had been talking quite fast. She stopped a minute now, as though she wanted to ask me something: so I said, "Well, Mary, what is it?"

"Will you tell me," said she, "how Jesus, away up in heaven, can love a little beggar-girl?" and she looked down at her torn, dirty dress.

We were alone in the room. Every one else had gone while she had been telling her story; and I sat down close beside her, and told her of Christ's love for every little girl and boy, no matter whether they were rich or poor. Then I took the book that she could not read, and read about the holy child Jesus, his kind deeds when he grew to be a man, and then his cruel death, all for us, who are sinners,—for one just as much as another, for the little beggar as much as the little girl in the blue dress. I read on and on, till the tears rolled down the little one's cheeks, and she sobbed for joy that there was One who cared for her; who loved her enough to die for her.

It wasn't hard work for her to say, "I love him too, if he loves me so much." I wish all the little ones, even those who have scores of friends to love and pet them, could be as happy as the beggar Mary when she went that night to her wretched home, and the scolding, beating Molly; because Jesus loved her, and she loved him.

M. E. D.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS TO "THE CHILD AT HOME" IN COLORS.

We have a "SELF-BINDER" for "The Child at Home," so simple, that any child can insert his own papers each month, and preserve them for years; thus making a beautiful picture album.

We will send this free to any boy or girl who subscribes for six copies (with \$3.00) of "The Child at Home" in colors, for one year.

For twelve copies subscribed for (with \$6.00) we will send "The Sabbath at Home," a beautiful magazine, for one year.



For the Child at Home.

LITTLE DAVIE'S PRAYER.

Years ago, I had a little brother. He was a bright, brave boy, as straight as a young tree, with clear brown eyes, that danced with fun in playtime, or grew soft and serious in the hour of prayer. His cheeks were as red as roses; and his brown hair curled round a high, white forehead.

We loved him dearly; and when he began to go to school, and week after week brought home reports with the word "perfect" written over the teacher's signature, father and mother were very proud of their boy, who studied just as he played,—with his whole heart.

One bright summer morning, Davie jumped from his bed, as usual; but his head felt dizzy, and he had to lie down again. He was sick. By and by the doctor came, looked gravely, and left him medicine to take; saying, "Be patient, my little man: you'll be better to-morrow." Davie was very patient: but to-morrow came, and he was no better, and a great many to-morrows; till at last the round face grew long and thin, the dark eyes looked hollow, and the brown, dimpled hands became so pale and slender, that you could almost see through them. Then the doctor said that our Davie would soon die. How our hearts ached! It is years ago; yet the pain comes back to mine when I think of that sorrowful time. Mother said she must tell Davie that he could not get well: so, hiding her own heart-break under a sweet smile, she went to tell her boy that his home was going to be in heaven. As she stood in the doorway, she heard a faint, lisping voice; and, looking in, there was Davie, with his poor hands clasped, and his eyes closed, praying.

This was his prayer: "O Lord! go with me through the dark valley, and don't let Satan trouble me."

Wasn't that a comfort to her, to find that her darling was asking help from the Mighty One, to keep him, in the shadows and the gloom of dying? Soon the shadows melted away in everlasting light.

"Jesus loved him,—
He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide."

He took the little pilgrim by the hand, and led him safely along, till all earth's sickness and pain was over, and he had gone to the place where all are glad.

Many times has the grass grown green and thick on the mound (a short one, not so long as some of you) that we call David's grave. Many times the snows have fallen on it. We often think of it; not sadly; for we know that there is "sweet rest in heaven," and that rest seems wondrous sweet to weary hearts. But, if it were our time to go, we could only ask, as our dear boy did, that the Lord would go with us, and keep Satan from troubling.

I hope, my little friends, that you have learned to walk with God. Ask him, morning, noon, and night, to go with you, and stay with you; and then death will be only going home to stay with him.

M. E. M.

For the Child at Home.

CHRIST'S INVITATION.

Music by Mr. CHARLES HOLDEN.

Poetry by "Dewdrop"
Treble and Alto Duet.

1. Softly, soft-ly, Christ is call-ing, "Come to me, lit-tle one;" Hear the silv'ry echoes fall-ing,

2. "Come when life's fair morn is brightest;
Linger not, little one;
Come while thy young heart is lightest,
Come ere thou thy spirit blightest;
Linger not, little one;
Come to me.

3. "They that early seek shall find me:
Oh! come now, little one;
Let not sinful pleasures blind thee;
Haste ere Satan's tempters bind thee;
Oh! come now, little one;
Come to me.

4. "For thy precious soul I offer
Rich exchange, little one;
Purest gems from Heaven's coffer,
E'en the pearl of price, I proffer;
Rare exchange, little one;
Come to me."

5. Who could slight a call so thrilling?
Come this day, little one,
Come to Christ a captive willing,
While his voice your soul is filling;
Come this day, little one;
Come to Christ.

INSR.

Tutti e Ritard.



NOT WILLING TO LEARN HIS OWN FAULTS.

A FABLE.

Paddle, my lady's lap-dog, and Tom, her favorite cat, had long entertained feelings of jealousy and envy toward each other; but at last they made it up, and agreed to be friends. Instead of snapping at Tom to make him go farther from the fire, that he might have the very front, Paddle would merely nudge him gently along, looking amiably at him at the same time; and Tom, though he wouldn't give way an inch farther than he was obliged, made no warlike demonstrations, such as putting up his back and swelling his tail.

"I think, dear friend," said Paddle one day (not being yet quite satisfied with the deference paid to him by his companion), "we fail to show the reality of our regard to each other in one respect."

"What is that?" asked Tom.

"We are not candid with each other as to our mutual faults. Don't you think it would greatly improve us both if we acted the part of honest reprovers to each other?"

"I don't know but what it might," said Tom.

"Be assured of it," said Paddle; "and, that we may no longer neglect one of the most sacred duties of friendship, let us begin this very day."

"With all my heart," said Tom; "and, that being

the case, do you know I've often thought that when you"—

"Hush!" said Paddle: "every thing in order.— You know, dear, I am older than you. I may say I remember you a kitten: so let me give you the benefit of my observations first."

"Very well," said Tom. "I'm ready."

"Well, then, first, dear," said Paddle, "you are too fond of the front of the fire, and sit in such a way before it, that I am obliged to have recourse to many gentle hints before I can induce you to move. In the next place, dear, when we go to dinner, you invariably try to take the nicest pieces, which I look upon as indelicate. In the third place"—

"When will my turn be?" interrupted Tom.

"Stop!" said Paddle: "I haven't done." And he went on to enumerate several other infirmities in Tom's character, the exhibition of which he considered in some way to affect his own comfort.

Tom, with some effort, contrived to wait it all out, and then asked, "Pray, is that all?"

"All I can think of at present," said Paddle.

"Then," said Tom, drawing himself up, "in the first place"—

"Thank you," said Paddle, interrupting him.

"You must excuse my staying now. I hope you'll improve upon what I've said to you; but I have an engagement, and can not stop any longer this time."

Original Fables.

FROM "THE LAMBS" AGAIN.

We have received another letter from our little friends, "The Lambs of the Flock," who wrote to us some months ago from Marshall, Mich. Their letter contains three dollars, to be used in sending "The Child at Home" to the "freed children." Thank you! May you be truly the lambs of Jesus' happy fold!

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS TO "THE SABBATH AT HOME."

"THE SABBATH AT HOME" is a beautiful illustrated monthly magazine for both old and young.

SABBATH SCHOOLS desiring a library, or papers for distribution, will find it to their advantage to obtain subscribers. If the task of raising a large club seems too heavy for one person, let teachers and scholars combine their efforts vigorously, and a *forty-dollar library* will in many cases be secured, besides a magazine which each subscriber will find worth more than he pays for it.

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For five new subscribers, with \$10.00, a splendid *Map of Palestine* five feet long, or

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BOYS AND GIRLS.— We desire to make you all a beautiful present. Almost every one of you can obtain one or more subscribers with little effort.

For one new subscriber, with \$2.00, we will send you a fifty-cent book, or "The Child at Home" in colors for one year.

For two new subscribers, with \$4.00, a \$1.25 book, or one bound volume of "The Child at Home" in colors or "The Little Corporal" for one year. Its motto is, "Fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful."

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For five new subscribers, with \$10.00, "The Sabbath at Home" and "Child at Home" for one year, or three dollars' worth of books.

For ten new subscribers, with \$20.00, books worth \$7.00, or \$5.00 in cash.

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For ten or more subscribers, *fifty cents each*.

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Second do. for the next largest number	35.00
Third " " " " "	25.00
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Fifth " " " " "	15.00
Sixth " " " " "	10.00
Seventh " " " " "	5.00

The offer of the above premiums will stand open until the last day of March, 1869, and will then close, except for the Pacific coast, for which an extension of thirty days will be allowed.

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tener to the conversation. Sweet little Maggie Wilson blushed deeply when the same question which had been asked and answered six times before was addressed to her by the wealthy sister of her haughty mistress.

"O ma'am!" whispered Maggie meekly, "I have no right to wish for any thing; but, oh! I should be the happiest girl in the world if I could have a — a — *new heart!*" Maggie's blushes burned deeper and deeper, and her eyes were humbly cast down, as though she had been guilty of saying something very bold.

"What a strange child!" spoke up the children's mother; and the children themselves looked as though they thought Maggie had made a very queer wish. Aunt Mary, however, said nothing, and soon after left the room, casting a very sweet look upon the grave little orphan as she passed out.

Christmas-morning dawned bright and joyous. Very early, the nursery resounded with the music of happy voices; and soon gentle Aunt Mary appeared upon the scene. "O auntie! we did not really expect you were going to give us all what we wished for." — "O auntie! how can we thank you?" exclaimed one and another; and Susie joyously hugged her great wax-doll, Nell gayly turned the leaves of her new books, Frank's eyes twinkled merrily over his handsome sled, and each and all found ample amusement and occupation in the precious longed-for treasures just come into their possession. Maggie alone stood silent, and aloof from the others; but there was a quiet happiness in her gentle face which did not escape Aunt Mary's watchful eye.

"And has Maggie also obtained her wish?" inquired the kind lady who had so bountifully supplied the other children with gifts, and yet who had no power to give the "pearl of great price" which the desolate orphan so earnestly desired. Wealth could not purchase the gift for which poor Maggie sighed; and yet all these costly presents over which the children were holding such a jubilee sank into utter insignificance beside the "one thing needful," which only the

blood of Christ can purchase.

There was a tender light in Maggie's dark eyes, and a tremulous quiver of her sweet mouth, as she softly replied, "Yes, ma'am: I feel that God has given me my Christmas-gift. I have been in doubt a long time; but this beautiful morning, as I lay in my little bed, fancying I could hear the angels singing 'Glory to God in the highest,' I felt that I was indeed a new creature."

"My dear Maggie, you have given yourself to God for time and for eternity; and, now, will you give yourself to me for this life? Will you be my Christmas-gift, and gladden my childless home?"

Joyfully the lone orphan sprang into Aunt Mary's outstretched arms, and, tenderly twining her arms about her neck, sobbed through happy tears, "How

A FINE time they had, indeed, in getting the tree; but, when they had got it, the great question was, What shall be put on it? So, when the children were all together, Aunt Mary began in this wise: — "Well, Susie, what would you like best for a Christmas-gift?"

"Oh! the great wax-doll I saw yesterday in the store; that would please me best of any thing," replied little Sue, her bright eyes twinkling in eager anticipation, as though, with her, to wish were to have. Aunt Mary quietly made a minute of this extravagant wish in one corner of her little note-book, and turned to Nell with the same inquiry. Nellie thought a dozen new story-books would make her perfectly happy for a long time. Aunt Mary also noted down this rather extensive want, and

turned next to Frank, who stood impatiently awaiting his turn to be questioned.

"And what would Frank like best? — a new pair of skates, or a sled, I suppose? Is it not so, my boy?" — "You've hit it, Aunt Mary," laughed Frank. "I should like a sled that would beat any thing owned by any of the boys in our school. Ned Grant has the best one now; and I should like to take a little of the brag out of him. Oh! a tiptop new sled would be the best gift I could have."

And so Aunt Mary's half-dozen nephews and nieces each made known their wants in turn. Agnes wished for a music-box, Harry for a new pair of skates, and Charlie for a rocking-horse; and then Aunt Mary smilingly turned to the quiet nursery-maid, who had been a silent though attentive lis-

sweet it will be to have a home and a mother once more! O God! I thank thee for this double blessing."

And now, children, which would you consider the best gift? Was not Maggie's choice a wise one? Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

THE CROSS.



"MAMMA," said Ellen Myers, "I think the cross is the prettiest ornament of any to wear; don't you? It makes us think of Jesus, of his sufferings and example, and of his words too,— 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.'"

"Yes, my dear: it may be a constant reminder, that, in the world, we must have trouble; and also of the reward promised to those who overcome, to those who bear the cross rightly."

"The crown?"

"Yes."

"I never thought of that before; but I like the idea of putting the crown and the cross together,— the sign of self-denial and of reward. I take out that beautiful coral cross Uncle Herbert gave me, very often, and look at it, it is so pretty; but you know I only wear it once in a great while. But, mamma, I think now I should like to wear it every day. May I?"

"I have no objection, my darling. Such ornaments are too often worn from vanity; but I think your motive is a good one. It will help you think of— how many things, Ellen?"

"Self-denial, patience, Christ's sufferings, his love, heaven,— all these, mamma."

How many little girls who wear a golden or coral cross are led by it to think of all these good and holy things?

Would it not be worth while for mothers to give their little daughters such a present, if it would be to them a sign of truth, and a help to patience, self-denial, and all the sweet Christian graces?

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

HOW THE ODD MOMENTS MADE A MAYOR.

John Gregg came to Mr. Wills's store, and asked,—

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

"Can't say as I do," replied Mr. Wills; and as he seemed busy, and not inclined to talk, John walked away.

A few days after, he came again, and said, "I don't like to be idle; and if you are willing to try me, sir, I will work without pay till I get a situation."

Mr. Wills agreed. What was his surprise, on going into his store next morning, to find his ill-assorted goods all arranged, shelves cleaned, windows washed, and many things done which in the busy season had been neglected! John had risen early, and done all this.

"Why!" said Mr. Wills, "I hardly know the place."

He soon found he could not afford to part with John. So great were his habits of system and order, he could accomplish a vast amount of work; doing at odd moments what would otherwise have been left undone; never neglecting a greater duty for one less important; never behindhand; never requiring to be looked after. Mr. Wills paid him

for his work, and told him not to leave till he could get something better. The consequence was, John soon became master of a flourishing wholesale store, and, finally, mayor of a large city. What is better than all, he ruled righteously and in the fear of God.

He was a poor boy; but his habits of order and system—causing him to find more time than most people—raised him to his high position, while his good character made him respected by the whole community. M. P. H.

For the Child at Home.

THE GOOD PASTOR OF BAN DE LA ROCHE.

BY UNA LOCKE.

If you look on a map of France, you will see at the north-east part, between the districts of Lorraine and Alsace, near Germany, a range of mountains. Here is a wild, rocky region, called Ban de la Roche, or District of the Rock. A hundred years ago, this cold, stony, barren district was inhabited by a rough, ignorant, miserable set of people, who spoke French just as it used to be spoken two hundred years before, who lived in the poorest manner, and had so little energy and public spirit, that they made no roads, but contented themselves with using the river, when frozen, for a highway to other places. The only manner in which they crossed the river (which was thirty feet wide) in summer was by stepping-stones. The people kept sheep and swine among the mountains; and the winter lasts here seven months; while the cold on the tops of the mountains is said to be as severe as it is at St. Petersburg in Russia; so that the pasturage could not be very abundant. You can see that such a community, having no roads by which they might communicate with other places, must be very rude and wild.

But, in the year 1740, there was born in Strasbourg, a city in that vicinity, one whom God sent as a missionary to this poor people. His name was John Frederic Oberlin. He was a noble-hearted, generous, self-denying man, of great sweetness and refinement of manner; and he could have found society, as you must see, much more to his taste than this half-barbarous set of shepherds and swineherds.

He had opportunities to "do better," as worldly people would say; that is, he had offers of positions where he could have the luxuries of life and a good salary. So you see it was purely love to our Lord Jesus, and compassion for these lost ones, which induced him to labor in the hamlets of Ban de la Roche.

The young people and children who had grown up here were little more than savages; and, when Oberlin talked with them about building roads and making better houses for themselves, they became very insulting, and determined to waylay and beat him, in order to teach him better than to meddle with their affairs. He knew that they intended to do this; but he was not in the least afraid of them. He preached a sermon to them from Christ's words, "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."

"Oho!" said they, getting together after meeting in a place where they were to consult: "what will he say when he finds we attack him?"

While they were chuckling over their plan of mischief, Oberlin walked directly into their hiding-place, and said, in his beautiful way, "I am come to offer myself up to you, and save you the meanness of lying in ambush for me."

Every one, upon this, immediately slunk away ashamed.

Afterward he heard of another attack planned by them. Then he preached on the happiness of those who trust in the great and good God, and how sure they may be that he will keep them from harm. Then he left for home on foot, instead of on horseback, in order to give them every opportunity they wished. He could see, as he walked along, three

young men waiting to catch him, and give him the "ducking" they had threatened: but he walked calmly forward, and their courage failed the young roughs; so that he was saved, just as he expected.

At last, they grew so ashamed of their ill behavior, that they became ready to listen to his plans for helping them. He told them he wished them to make a road out of their wild district. This road was to run into the high road which led to Strasbourg. It seemed to the people a tremendous undertaking. They would be obliged to blast rocks; and large fragments of these must be made into a wall along the bank of the river for a mile and a half, and then a strong bridge must be built across it.

Wild mountain-torrents rushed along the way; rocks succeeded rocks. The people had no tools, and were astonished that the minister could harbor for a moment such a wild scheme. So Oberlin himself started out with one servant, and began on the worst place of the whole. This good example had its effect. Others came to his help. They sent for tools, and persevered, overcoming very great difficulties, and built the road and the bridge, so that there was a highway to Strasbourg. The road and bridge are still there, and the latter still bears the name of the Bridge of Charity. Then the good man induced them to build schoolhouses; and he selected the best of teachers for the schools. They also built themselves houses. Before Oberlin came among them, they had lived in dens in the rocks, and sides of the mountains. He taught them to build cottages. He also induced them to bring soil from a distance, in order that they might have orchards and gardens, and fields of grain. This seems to me wonderful progress. To grow fruit and grain among the rocks must have been stranger to these mountaineers than building roads and bridges. The people no longer were in danger of famine, as they had been in former times. Oberlin sent some of the



young men to Strasbourg to learn trades of different kinds; and these came back and taught others.

During those dreadful days of blood and terror in France, the time of the Revolution, this rocky, shut-out region of Ban de la Roche was left in quiet; and Oberlin received and kept in comfort many who fled to him from other parts of the country. He was pastor at this place almost sixty years, and went to the presence of the Lord in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

The picture gives you a good view of his church and parsonage.



DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST, 1620.

I once made a delightful visit to Plymouth Rock; and I wish you, children, could go there too. But, if you can not, perhaps it will do you some good to look at this fine picture of the rock and harbor. And yet you can not see the rock itself; for it is hidden by the canopy of stone which you see built over it. This has been built this year, so as to protect and honor the sacred spot.

And why would I like to have you visit this place? Because there the founders of New England, the godly Pilgrims, first landed, with their hearts set on promoting the kingdom of Christ in America, and making a home for themselves and their children where they might serve God according to their own consciences. It is a dear place. The Pilgrims were noble men.

Two hundred and forty-eight years ago this very month, the Pilgrims, one hundred in number, sailed into Cape-Cod Bay. They had had a long and stormy voyage. It was in the depth of winter. There were no houses on land to take them in, and nobody to welcome them. Was it not hard? But they were full of faith and hope.

Do you see in the back part of the picture, about the middle of it, some little hills? These are on Clark's Island. Here the first Sabbath was spent on land. A party was out exploring in a boat; and, when Saturday came, they could not get back to their ship, "The Mayflower." Do you suppose that they started to return on Sunday? No, indeed! Though they were away from their families, and their wives may have been very anxious about them on account of the storm, they rested, and worshiped God, on the Sabbath. I hope you will remember that.

On Monday, the next day (which was Dec. 21), they landed on the Rock, and found that here was to be the best place for them to make their home. Almost everybody calls Dec. 22 Forefathers' Day; but this is wrong. It is best to be right, even in little things. I shall expect the boys and girls, when they grow up, to keep the right day.

"Were there any Pilgrim children?"

Ah! that's just what I was going to tell you. To be sure there were. There were seventeen boys, and seven girls. I do not know how old they all were; but one of the girls, Mary Allerton, was eleven years old when they landed. She afterwards married Elder Thomas Cushman, and lived to be—how old do you think?—ninety years old. She lived the longest of any of the passengers of "The Mayflower." Another girl, Elizabeth Tilly, was afflicted—oh, how sadly!—almost as soon as they came ashore. Both her father and mother died, and she was left

they called him Oceanus Hopkins, because he was born on the ocean. Another little boy was born the week before they landed, and they called him Peregrine White. It seems a queer name; but it is taken from the Latin word *peregrinus*, which means a "traveler," or "pilgrim." Indeed, *pilgrim* is the same word changed a little.

Wouldn't you like to have seen those Pilgrim children? I suppose they were happy as birds; and yet they had some hard times. Four of them died that first terrible winter. How grieved their dear parents must have been! but they loved this land all the better, no doubt, because they had laid their precious little ones here. In the next April, when "The Mayflower" sailed back to England, although they had suffered so much, and had lost by death *half of their number*, not one wanted to go back! Noble men and women!—yes, and children too! When you are sitting by your cheerful fires this month, think of that bleak December more than two hundred years ago, and thank God for the Pilgrims.

Lisp.

For the Child at Home.

THE FOOLISH LAMB.

In a green meadow, near a clear little stream, among the wild roses and the violets, stood a fold. It was a very safe, comfortable fold; and the little lambs were very happy with their kind shepherd. Every day they played around him, and sometimes looked up to see if he were near; for they were always happier when he was close beside them.

At night, nothing ever frightened or hurt them at all, he took such good care of them. Each little lamb had a name; and when the shepherd called "Daisy," "Lily," "Snowflake," they came running to him; for they knew their names, and who it was that was calling them. But, if anybody else called them, they ran away from him; for they said to themselves, "That's not our dear shepherd; we know his voice well enough." When, sometimes, the shepherd wanted to lead them to another place, he went before, and they followed; and, if there was any little lamb that was not very well and strong, he carried it very gently in his arms.

There was one little lamb who said to herself one day, "I wonder what pretty things there are on those mountains. I am tired of staying here, and I mean to go and see for myself." So, when the sun set that night, she crept through the hedge, and trotted up the mountain just as fast as she could. Then she capered and frisked about, thinking how nice it was to go where she liked, and do what she pleased, and not to mind the shepherd all the time. The sun sank lower and lower; and still she was

dancing about on the mountain. It grew darker, and the shadows became blacker and blacker; and she began to be tired, and said to herself, "I guess, after all, I will go back to the fold: it is rather dark and lonely here." But she could not find her way; and pretty soon she could not see. Then she was frightened, and so tired too! Poor, foolish little lamb!

And then, not very far off, she saw something black that was moving. What could it be? She remembered having heard her grandmother tell a story about a wolf; and her heart beat very fast. How she ran! The wolf came nearer and nearer; she could hear him growling close behind her: and at last she could go no farther, and so dropped down by the roadside, almost too tired to bleat; and the wolf went howling past her.

How she wished for the good shepherd then! "Oh, if I only, only, could see my shepherd! If I only, only, hadn't run away from the fold! But I'm afraid he would be very angry with me. Perhaps he *might* forgive me." Just then, she heard the shepherd's voice saying, "Where is my little lamb?"

When the shepherd had gathered all his lambs into the fold, he missed one. He looked all around, and at last spied a little hole in the hedge. So he went to find her: for he loved her so much, that he didn't want her to die on the mountain. He walked a long, long way, and called her again and again: but he would not go back, because he loved her so very much; and, although he had a great many other little lambs at home in the fold, he wanted this one too.

When the poor, tired, naughty little lamb heard the shepherd's voice, she crawled to his feet; and, when he saw how tired and bruised she was, he pitied her very much. He took her in his arms; and she looked up into his kind face, and then put her head on his shoulder, as if to say that she was very, very sorry, and never would do so any more.

He carried her very gently over the sharp stones back to the fold; and how safe she felt as she lay in his arms! and how glad she was to see the fold again!

After that, this little lamb seemed to love the good shepherd more than all her brothers and sisters and cousins. Whenever he called them, she always came first: but almost all the time she was close beside him, where she loved to stay; and lying at his feet, looking up into his face, she seemed to be very happy.

And she never wandered away any more.

Katie.

SOME NEW THINGS IN OUR NEW HOME.

I.—THE "CHILD-AT-HOME" SAVINGS-BANK.

Attention, dear young readers: we have something to propose to you. We want to send out thousands upon thousands of little books like "Christ the Children's Guide," "Come to Jesus," "The Good Shepherd," and many others, also "The Child at Home" and "Christian Banner," to the dear children who do not have them, and who might never find Jesus without them. We do not want to have any dear child say, at the great judgment-day, "You didn't *try* to send me any message from Jesus."

Now, dear young friends, will you help us? We will tell you, then, how you *can* help us.

We are raising quite a sum of money to offer these precious Bible-teachings *very cheaply indeed*, so that everybody can have some.

Several good men have made up a sum of about \$8,000 for this purpose; others, we expect, will help with large gifts; but we want the children's offerings too.

So we propose to have a "Child-at-Home" Savings-Bank; and we ask all our young readers to put in something into this bank, to do good with.

Perhaps what you put in may send a heavenly

